

THE ATHENÆUM

WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

No. 123.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

Voyages en Orient, entrepris par ordre du Gouvernement Français, de l'Année 1821 à l'Année 1829. Ornés de figures et d'une carte. Par V. Fontanier, ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, &c. Paris. Vol. I.

THE volume now before us is the first of a series, the result of upwards of seven years' residence in the East. The author left France in the year 1821, being attached as a naturalist to the French embassy to Constantinople, with orders to explore the Black Sea, and the Ottoman Empire in general. During the period of his stay in Asia, M. Fontanier, overstepped the bounds prescribed to him, visiting Persia, Georgia, the Crimea, &c. and observing men and manners with as much care as the plants and animals upon which they subsist. The materials for the present volume were among the last collected, but the interest which recent events have conferred upon the affairs of Turkey, determined him to invert the order of publication. The other volumes, though relating to countries anteriorly visited, will follow, and, for the future, in regular succession.

M. Fontanier is evidently a man of respectable abilities, competent to form a rational judgment of foreign nations, and disposed to speak of their customs and manners with indulgence. We question, however, whether he be endowed with that quick penetration, that versatility of character, and that physical and mental vigour, which the profession of a traveller appears to demand before all things. Neither does he possess those powers of imagination which revive past scenes and transactions, and bring them before the mind in all their freshness and vividness; or that warmth and flexibility and richness of style, which confer even upon ordinary matters an importance and an interest, not naturally belonging to them. Still, as he is a sober observer, and a careful and minute describer of what he saw, his work is possessed of considerable value, and has sufficient interest to impel the reader forward, who once enters fairly into the current of the narrative.

Having spent, as he tells us, the winter of 1826 in Georgia, for the recovery of his health, he repaired in the following spring to Radout Kale, a small port on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, and embarked in a small Turkish vessel for Trebizond. The details of a little voyage of this kind, the description of the vessel, the character of the captain and his crew, and the relation of the trifling incidents which occurred, can possess no interest for the general reader, or throw any material light upon the manners of the Turks. A little dialogue, however, which took place at Surmene, between the captain of the vessel, and the master of a pilot-boat, is particularly characteristic. On recognizing the captain, "Ah! Ali Reiz," said the master of the boat, "thou art welcome;" and turning round to the crew, he continued, "Mahmood, Selim, &c. you are welcome. Who are these infidels?"—"They are the sons of Frank gentlemen who are our guests, and whom we are taking to Trebizond."—"You are welcome."—"What news?"—"Nothing: the son of the Aga of Riza has killed his cousin through jealousy,

and has taken refuge among us; he is a fine young man. Ah! I had forgotten; Hussein has put powder under the house of your next-door neighbour, and has blown it into the air. Five persons have perished."—"You astonish me!"—"What do you mean? they were only children." So we see that to blow up five children is regarded as no bad joke in Turkey.

A little incident which occurred to our traveller at this village, convinces us, that he must be a man of an undignified appearance, and whose physiognomy is anything but indicative of ferocity. Among the crowd of idlers who came out to stare at the strangers, there was a dyer, who had just been exercising the duties of his calling, and still bore upon his hands the marks of his employment. This worthy Ottomanite, observing that M. Fontanier wore spectacles, took it into his head to borrow them, and in the act of taking them off, left the mark of his fingers upon the face of the traveller. This suggested the idea to the dyer that it would be a joke worthy of a Mohammedan to daub the face of the Frank with dye, and he forthwith set about mauling the nose and cheeks of the agent of the French Government. The Frenchman informs us that he repulsed him, and that he was seconded by the captain; but his conduct seems to have been somewhat too patient, for the scoundrel appeared surprised at the captain's interference, and demanded if it was not the face of an infidel that he had been painting, and if he had not a good hereditary right so to do. It was sometime before he could be made to comprehend that a Frank was not to have his face mawled by a true believer with impunity.

M. Fontanier does not belong to that party in France who regard the Greeks and their cause with particular enthusiasm, and does not fall into raptures when he has occasion to allude to any of the great events of antiquity. On the contrary, he seems to refer to the ancients as if he were not over-well acquainted with their character and deeds, and affects or feels a coldness on this point which would do honour to a master of arts. The very name of Trebizond would have called up in the mind of a classical scholar, or of any one for whom heroism and the spirit of adventure have any charms, recollections of that glorious little army, to whose labours and wanderings this city put an end, in affording it the means of transporting itself to Greece by sea. But M. Fontanier, as we have said, is not a Hellenist, and thinks he does the Ten Thousand sufficient honour in once or twice alluding to Xenophon in this part of his work.

But if our traveller be somewhat deficient in this respect, he is, on the other hand, careful in collecting materials for forming a judgment upon the present state of the country, which, of course, is of greater importance. We do not wish to find in every traveller an antiquary—but think it possible that a man may not describe the present state of a country the worse for knowing something about what it was in former times. Trebizond is the chief town of the Pashalik of the same name, which is bounded on the east by the Pashalik of Akalsik, on the south by that of Erzeroum, on the west by that of Bolo and Sinope, and on the north by the Black Sea. The state of manners in these distant Pashaliks is hitherto

very little known in Europe, and on this account many of the details of M. Fontanier will be read with much pleasure. No doubt the condition of the people and of their rulers considerably resembles what is found in other and better known portions of the empire; but it has also many traits peculiar to itself. The authority of the Pasha of Trebizond, is not, according to M. Fontanier, very great at present, on account of the division of the territory among many chiefs, the majority of whom are hereditary, and in open rebellion against him. Society, in fact, is constructed upon precisely the same principles as that of Europe during the thirteenth century. The chiefs, or *Agas*, inhabit fortified castles, upon the battlements of which cannons are sometimes mounted, and where their families and their treasures are inclosed. When they issue forth from these strong holds, they are surrounded by their armed partizans and slaves, and having levied the greatest possible contributions from the inhabitants, they retreat to their castles, where they set at nought, not only the authority of the Pasha, but the very firmans of the Sultan himself. The nature of the country which they inhabit contributes to protect them from punishment. Placed at the extremity of the empire, at a distance from the great roads, and surrounded by mountains and forests, it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be subdued by force. Therefore, when the government is desirous of ridding itself of any of them, it is compelled to have recourse to stratagem, and to lay snares from which in the long run they seldom escape. The history of the country consists entirely in details of stratagems and treacheries of this kind. A more complete state of anarchy it is difficult to conceive. Even in the city there are fortresses, the inhabitants of which make war upon each other; and very frequently nothing is heard for whole days but the report of musquetry fired from one house at another. These combats, it is true, are more noisy than destructive, for when the battle is over, it is often found that not a single person has been killed, or even wounded. A few days after M. Fontanier left the city, the whole population, he was told, rose in a mass, and went to besiege the Pasha in his castle; but that, soon getting tired of the war, they allowed him to resume his former authority. This state of things causes the people to be always in arms, and renders the collection of the taxes extremely difficult, while the amount is by no means answerable to the fertility of the soil, and the variety of its productions. It is this portion of the administration, says M. Fontanier, which chiefly causes the solicitude of the Pasha, but the Porte generally relieves him from his difficulties by cutting off his head in the course of two or three years.

Our traveller gives some details on the destruction of the Janissaries, an event which took place while he was in the country; but he tells us nothing new, and the public are beginning to be tired of the subject. We prefer skipping over all these matters, as well as the useful information respecting the courses of the rivers and the nature of the soil, which is also interesting in its way, and pause at the following trait of manners. "On the road from Trebizond to Erzeroum, when we arrived," says M. Fontanier,

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"at the spot where our companions were assembled, we found them wholly taken up with music. Two grave-faced and full-bearded personages had undertaken, for their amusement, to extract 'celestial harmony' from a species of clarinet with five holes, and a large drum. For my own part I cannot pretend to say that I was much delighted with this music, but the rest of the auditors were enchanted. They did not, it is true, express their satisfaction by any very lively signs, but by unwearied attention, by a slight movement of the head, and by stroking their long beards, while their eyes were turned up towards heaven. It was really a very curious spectacle to see two solitary musicians, armed to the teeth, and wandering at random in an almost deserted country, where it was equally difficult to find auditors as to extract any reward from them. I inspired them with a very high idea of my generosity by bestowing about twopence half-penny upon them, while from others they received no more than three or four paras, value about half a farthing. However, they were not importunate: they accepted what was given them without expressing any acknowledgment, but they made no remark upon those who gave them little or nothing. When their performance was over, they sat down coolly along with us, and having drunk a cup of coffee, and smoked a pipe, left us with a degree of phlegm not very much in keeping with their profession."

The mode of travelling in the East with large caravans has frequently been described by travellers; but, the manners of the merchants and other individuals who compose these wandering camps constantly varying, there is always room for original description; and, although the picturesque is by no means M. Fontanier's forte, the following sketch is clever. "We still," says he, "encamped in the open air; but the weather having turned out fine, we were spared the necessity of burdening ourselves with those cloaks, worn in this country to keep off the rain. We usually set out at a very early hour in the morning, and when, after travelling for seven or eight hours, we found a place where our horses could graze freely, we spread out our carpets and rested there. Every person prepared his own meal, and invitations were given and accepted, as in a city. When night came on, the horses were gathered together; and if the place had the reputation of being dangerous, a few muskets were fired, by way of bidding defiance to the enemy, after which, guards were stationed all around the camp to watch over the public safety. Each individual, moreover, took care to place his own effects near his person; and our Persians never failed to make their bed upon the chests and bales in which their merchandize was contained. At sun-set the mollah, as if he had been at his own mosque, caused his servant to act the part of the muezzin, and call the faithful to prayer. On these occasions he exhibited upon a bush or on the ground an embroidered handkerchief, with which he wiped his face and hands during the day; and then, when his congregation had assembled, he repeated prayers with a loud voice. The Persians, although of a different sect, were always present at the ceremony; and it was curious to observe the grimaces with which they resigned themselves to their fate, and imitated the gestures of the Soones. While this was going forward, the Christians concealed themselves behind the heaps of merchandize, where they amused themselves with drinking brandy, and making the sign of the cross, as if in disavowal of the Mohammedan religion. As soon as prayers were over, the dinner was served up, the guests assembled, and, according to custom, fell to with their hands; all the rules of politeness were observed as carefully as in the capital; and there was, in fact, no perceptible difference, except in the appetite and greater simplicity,

which, perhaps, would not be thought altogether amiss in cities."

Erzeroum appears to have obtained among the Turks of the present day, the same kind of reputation which Damascus formerly possessed, viz. that of being the place where the best arms in the empire are fabricated. The iron used is imported from India and Siberia; but, although the material be excellent, our traveller considers the sabres of Erzeroum inferior to those of the same kind manufactured in Persia. The following story, which he relates of an armourer of this city, is singularly characteristic:—"An armourer of Erzeroum having acquired a great reputation by the skill with which he damasked sabres, the Pasha of the place commanded him to fabricate one for himself, which should unite great weight with its other excellencies. The armourer, having failed after several experiments, and, thinking, perhaps, that the Pasha wanted the sabre merely for show, took it into his head to manufacture one of lead. The weapon was sent home and approved of, and remained a long while in the scabbard without the trick being discovered. One day, however, the Pasha having laid a wager that he possessed a better sword than one of his friends, the unlucky weapon was brought forth, and, to the great astonishment of all present, was cut in two with the first stroke. The armourer was instantly sent for—but the Pasha, not wishing to lose so valuable a workman, did not, as might have been expected, strangle the poor man, but contented himself with cutting off his nose." The story was told our traveller by the man's son, with much pride and satisfaction.

There being much curious information, and many good illustrations of manners, in the remaining portion of the volume, we shall return to the subject in another paper.

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid. London, 1830. T. and W. Boone.

ADDITIONAL variations on that eternal theme, the Peninsular Campaign! Although exclaiming, however, we will not complain, since Captain Kincaid has the merit of treating his subject in a manner not altogether usual: he at least deserves praise for enlivening an old and worn-out song with one or two novel and sprightly movements.

He seems to have encountered the dangers and hardships of war, with a spirit as light as the arm of the corps in which he served; and that corps, he tells us himself, was the "light regiment of the Light Division," of the gallant army which cleared Portugal and Spain of French invaders. Its employment no less than its province, it is added, was "to fire the first and last shot in every battle, siege, and skirmish in which the army was engaged during the war." It was, perhaps, to the peculiar correspondence between the disposition of the gallant officer, and the arm of the division to which he was attached, that he attained the distinction of adjutant to his regiment.

However this may be, were the host of publications which have appeared on the subject of the war in Spain, to be assembled for battle, the work before us would be well suited to do the duties of a rifle brigade. Its size, for it consists of a single volume, and the *voltigeur* character of its contents, equally qualify it for the office.

The author of "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," first smelt powder in the disastrous expedition to Walcheren. The ague drove him thence to seek the restoration of his health in Scotland, his native land. The next year, 1810, he sailed for the Peninsula, and arrived in the Tagus in September. He soon after, with his company, joined the main army, meeting it on

its retreat to the lines at Torres Vedras; and from that period shared its vicissitudes until the close of the war by the battle of Toulouse in 1814.

Captain Kincaid, it is very clear, is a man not over and above addicted to sentimentality; and he tells the tale of war's atrocities with great *naïveté*. He does not appear, however, to have been devoid of feeling even of the best kind; and one sentiment, although it may not rank in the first class, he certainly possesses, in more than the ordinary degree: the sensibility to the humorous seems to be peculiarly strong in him, and this he has indulged whenever he has found a fair opportunity. Hence, his book is one of the most lively histories of a soldier's adventures which have yet appeared. His picture of Lisbon, in the very commencement of the volume, gives us at once an insight into his true character; and as it will be a better introduction for him to our readers, than anything we can add in his favour, we extract it.

"To look at Lisbon from the Tagus, there are few cities in the universe that can promise so much, and none, I hope, that can keep it so badly.

"I only got on shore one day, for a few hours, and, as I never again had an opportunity of correcting the impression, I have no objection to its being considered an uncharitable one; but I wandered for a time amid the abominations of its streets and squares, in the vain hope that I had got involved among a congregation of stables and outhouses; but when I was, at length, compelled to admit it as the miserable apology for the fair city that I had seen from the harbour, I began to contemplate, with astonishment, and no little amusement, the very appropriate appearance of its inhabitants.

"The church, I concluded, had, on that occasion, indulged her numerous offspring with a holiday, for they occupied a much larger portion of the streets than all the world besides. Some of them were languidly strolling about, and looking the sworn foes of time, while others crowded the doors of the different coffee-houses; the fat jolly-looking friars cooling themselves with lemonade, and the lean mustard-pot-faced ones sipping coffee out of thimble-sized cups, with as much caution as if it had been phlegm.

"The next class that attracted my attention was the numerous collection of well-starved dogs, who were indulging in all the luxury of extreme poverty on the endless dung-heaps.

"There, too, sat the industrious citizen, basking in the sunshine of his shop-door, and gathering in the flock which is so bountifully reared on his withered tribe of children. There strutted the spruce cavalier, with his upper-man furnished at the expense of his lower, and looking ridiculously imposing; and there—but sacred be their daughters, for the sake of *one*, who shed a lustre over her squalid sisterhood, sufficiently brilliant to redeem their whole nation from the odious sin of ugliness. I was looking for an official person, living somewhere near the Convent D'Estrella, and was endeavouring to express my wishes to a boy, when I heard a female voice, in broken English, from a balcony above, giving the information I desired. I looked up, and saw a young girl, dressed in white, who was loveliness itself! In the few words which passed between us, of lively unconstrained civility on her part, and pure confounded gratitude on mine, she seemed so perfectly after my own heart, that she lit a torch in it which burnt for two years and a half" p. 5—7.

On the day succeeding that on which our author was indulged with the very cursory view of the Portuguese capital which suggested the foregoing description, his detachment was ordered off for Figuera: he gives the following account of a most extraordinary military disembarkation.

"Sailing at the rate of one mile in two hours, we reached Figuera's Bay at the end of eight days, and were welcomed by about a hundred hideous looking Portuguese women, whose joy was so excessive that they waded up to their arm-pits through a heavy surf, and insisted on carrying us on shore on their backs! I never clearly ascertained whether they had been actuated by the purity of love or gold." p. 8.

Our military novice became early acquainted with the rigours of martial law, as we learn from this subjoined note of the events on the 2nd of October:—

"We retired this day to Lerin, and, at the entrance of the city, saw an English and a Portuguese soldier dangling by the bough of a tree—the first summary example I had ever seen of martial law." p. 18.

The bivouac, it seems, has its comforts; and indeed there are few situations devoid of them, when the man himself is capable of looking the evils he has to contend with good-humouredly in the face. The following description, if not a novel, is at any rate a lively picture; it is characteristic of the life of the soldier, of the disposition of the man, and of the style of the author:

The Bivouac.

"When a regiment arrives at its ground for the night, it is formed in columns of companies, at full, half, or quarter distance, according to the space which circumstances will permit it to occupy. The officer commanding each company then receives his orders; and, after communicating whatever may be necessary to the men, he desires them to 'pile arms, and make themselves comfortable for the night.' Now, I pray thee, most sanguine reader, suffer not thy fervid imagination to transport thee into Elysian fields at the pleasing exhortation conveyed in the concluding part of the captain's address, but rest thee contentedly in the one where it is made, which in all probability is a ploughed one, and that, too, in a state of preparation to take a model of thy very beautiful person, under the melting influence of a shower of rain. The soldiers of each company have a hereditary claim to the ground next to their arms, as have their officers to a wider range on the same line, limited to the end of a bugle sound, if not by a neighbouring corps, or one that is not neighbourly, for the nearer a man is to his enemy, the nearer he likes to be to his friends. Suffice it, that each individual knows his place as well as if he had been born on the estate, and takes immediate possession accordingly. In a ploughed or arable field there is scarcely a choice of quarters; but, whenever there is a sprinkling of trees, it is always an object to secure a good one, as it affords shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, besides being a sort of home or sign post for a group of officers, as denoting the best place of entertainment; for they hang their spare clothing and accoutrements among the branches, barricade themselves on each side with their saddles, canteens, and portmanteaus, and, with a blazing fire in their front, they indulge, according to their various humours, in a complete state of gipsification.

"There are several degrees of comfort to be reckoned in a bivouac, two of which will suffice.

"The first, and worst, is to arrive at the end of a cold wet day, too dark to see your ground, and too near the enemy to be permitted to unpack the knapsacks or to take off accoutrements; where, unincumbered with baggage or eatables of any kind, you have the consolation of knowing that things are now at their worst, and that any change must be for the better. You keep yourself alive for a while, in collecting material to feed your fire with. You take a smell at your empty calibash, which recalls to your remembrance the delicious flavour of its last drop of wine. You curse your servant for not having contrived to send you something or other from

the baggage, (though you know that it was impossible). You then damn the enemy for being so near you, though probably, as in the present instance, it was you that came so near them. And, finally, you take a whiff at the end of a cigar, if you have one, and keep grumbling through the smoke, like distant thunder through a cloud, until you tumble into a most warlike sleep.

"The next, and most common one, is, when you are not required to look quite so sharp, and when the light baggage and provisions come in at the heel of the regiment. If it is early in the day, the first thing to be done is to make some tea, the most sovereign restorative for jaded spirits. We then proceed to our various duties. The officers of each company form a mess of themselves. One remains in camp to attend to the duties of the regiment; a second attends to the mess; he goes to the regimental butcher, and bespeaks a portion of the only purchaseable commodities—hearts, livers, and kidneys; and also to see whether he cannot do the commissary out of a few extra biscuits, or a canteen of brandy; and the remainder are gentlemen at large for the day. But while they go hunting among the neighbouring regiments for news, and the neighbouring houses for curiosity, they have always an eye to their mess, and omit no opportunity of adding to the general stock.

"Dinner hour, for fear of accidents, is always the hour when dinner can be got ready; and the 14th section of the articles of war is always most rigidly attended to, by every good officer parading himself round the camp-kettle at the time fixed, with his haversack in his hand. A haversack on service is a sort of dumb waiter. The mess have a good many things in common, but the contents of the haversack are exclusively the property of its owner; and a well regulated one ought never to be without the following furniture, unless when the perishable part is consumed, in consequence of every other means of supply having failed, viz. a couple of biscuits, a sausage, a little tea and sugar, a knife, a fork, and spoon, a tin cup, (which answers to the name of *tea-cup, soup plate, wine-glass, and tumbler*), a pair of socks, a piece of soap, a tooth-brush, towel, and comb, and half a dozen cigars.

"After doing justice to the dinner, if we feel in a humour for additional society, we transfer ourselves to some neighbouring mess, taking our cups, and whatever we mean to drink, along with us, for in those times there is nothing to be expected from our friends beyond the pleasure of their conversation; and, finally, we retire to rest. To avoid inconvenience by the tossing off of the bed-clot, each officer has a blanket sewed up at the sides, like a sack, into which he scrambles, and, with a green sod or a smooth stone for a pillow, composes himself to sleep; and, under such a glorious reflecting canopy as the heavens, it would be a subject of mortification to an astronomer to see the celerity with which he tumbles into it. Habit gives endurance, and fatigue is the best night-cap; no matter that the veteran's countenance is alternately stormed with torrents of rain, heavy dews, and hoar-frosts; no matter that his ears are assailed by a million mouths of chattering locusts, and by some villainous donkey, who every half hour pitches a *bray* note, which, as a congregation of presbyterians follow their clerk, is instantly taken up by every mule and donkey in the army, and sent echoing from regiment to regiment, over hill and valley, until it dies away in the distance; no matter that the scorpion is lurking beneath his pillow, the snake winding his slimy way by his side, and the lizard galloping over his face, wiping his eyes with its long cold tail.

"All are unheeded, until the warning voice of the brazen instrument sounds to arms. Strange

it is, that the ear which is impervious to what would disturb the rest of the world besides, should alone be alive to one, and that, too, a sound which is likely to sooth the sleep of the citizens, or at most, to set them dreaming of their loves. But so it is: the first note of the melodious bugle places the soldier on his legs, like lightning; when, muttering a few curses at the unseasonableness of the hour, he plants himself at his alarm post, without knowing or caring about the cause.

"Such is a bivouac; and our sleep-breaker having just sounded, the reader will find what occurred, by reading on." p. 41—8.

It was not only the professors of fighting, who had to endure the inconveniences attendant on a campaign, as may be gathered from our author's sketch of the appearance of a regimental chaplain, which we find too whimsical to be omitted.

"Up to this period it had been a matter of no small difficulty, to ascertain, at any time, the day of the week; that of the month was altogether out of the question, and could only be reckoned by counting back to the date of the last battle; but our division was here joined by a chaplain, whose duty it was to remind us of these things. He might have been a very good man, but he was not prepossessing, either in his appearance or manners. I remember, the first Sunday after his arrival, the troops were paraded for divine service, and had been some time waiting in square, when he at length rode into the centre of it, with his tall, lank, ungainly figure, mounted on a starved, untrimmed, unfurnished horse, and followed by a Portuguese boy, with his canonicals and prayer-books, on the back of a mule, with a hay-bridle, and having, by way of clothing, about half a pair of straw breeches. This spiritual comforter was the least calculated of any one that I ever saw to excite devotion in the minds of men, who had seen nothing in the shape of a divine for a year or two." p. 86-7.

The figure cut by the rifle brigade after the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in which affair it took the lead, and conducted itself most gallantly, would furnish a subject for the comic pencil of Mr. Haydon.

"The fifth division, which had not been employed in the siege, marched in, and took charge of the town, on the morning of the 20th, and we prepared to return to our cantonments. Lord Wellington happened to be riding in at the gate at the time that we were marching out, and had the curiosity to ask the officer of the leading company, what regiment it was, for there was scarcely a vestige of uniform among the men, some of whom were dressed in Frenchmen's coats, some in white breeches, and huge jack-boots, some with cocked hats and queues; most of their swords were fixed on their rifles, and stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread, and not a few were carrying bird-cages! There never was a better masked corps!" p. 117-18.

We do not consider Captain Kincaid's account of his adventures as a plenary confession, and therefore abstain from inquiring too strictly into the candour of the following account of the difficulty of a soldier's conversion to a belief in the comforts of a good bed.

"We got under arms early on the morning; and, passing by a mountain-path, to the left of Pampeluna, within range of the guns, though they did not fire at us, circled the town, until we reached the village of Villalba, where we halted for the night. Since I joined that army, I had never, up to that period, been master of anything in the shape of a bed; and, though I did not despise a bundle of straw, when it could conveniently be had, yet my boat-cloak and blanket were more generally to be seen, spread out for my reception on the bare earth. But,

in proceeding to turn into them, as usual, this evening, I was not a little astonished to find, in their stead, a comfortable mattress, with a suitable supply of linen, blankets, and pillows; in short, the very identical bedding on which I had slept, the night before, in the chateau, three leagues off, and which my rascal of an Irishman had bundled altogether on the back of my mule, without giving me the slightest hint of his intentions. On my taking him to task about it, and telling him that he would certainly be hanged, all that he said in reply, was, 'by J—s, they had more than a hundred beds in that house, and not a single soul to sleep in them.' I was very much annoyed, at the time, that there was no possibility of returning them to their rightful owner, as, independent of its being nothing short of a regular robbery, I really looked upon them as a very unnecessary incumbrance; but being forced, in some measure, to indulge in their comforts, I was not long in changing my mind; and was, ultimately, not very sorry that the possibility of restoration never did occur." p. 229-30.

We shall take leave of our campaigner on the heights of the Pyrenees, on the French frontiers. He is in picturesque, if not in comfortable quarters, as will be understood from the following landscape picture, which betrays anything but an insensibility to the consolations of which his mode of life was capable. And certainly the acquaintance which a campaign in a foreign country gives the soldier an opportunity of forming with beautiful natural scenery, is not the least of these.

"We now found ourselves firmly established within the French territory, with a prospect before us that was truly refreshing, considering that we had not seen the sea for three years, and that our views, for months, had been confined to fogs and the peaks of mountains. On our left, the Bay of Biscay lay extended as far as the horizon, while several of our ships of war were seen sporting upon her bosom. Beneath us lay the pretty little town of St. Jean de Luz, which looked as if it had just been framed out of the Lilliputian scenery of a toy-shop. The town of Bayonne, too, was visible in the distance; and the view to the right embraced a beautiful well-wooded country, thickly studded with towns and villages, as far as the eye could reach." p. 254.

In concluding our notice, we may very safely say, that the "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade" afford a few hours' very agreeable reading; their entire freedom from affectation, will sufficiently recommend them to an extensive class of readers. The descriptions of battles, although the accounts of such scenes are as briefly told as possible, are the least interesting portions of the production.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K.C.B. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

[Second Notice.]

IN our former notice of this very interesting work, we selected some passages tending to exhibit the talents of Sir Thomas Munro, as an observer of the political events and national peculiarities, which engaged his attention on his first acquaintance with that new state of being, an Indian life. The extracts which we shall now offer to our readers from his Correspondence, are of a more personal or domestic character; and from these it will readily appear, that this distinguished individual was no less remarkable for simplicity of taste, sensibility, passionate love of nature, of home and of kindred, in a word, for all the gentler virtues, than for those great and noble qualities, which called forth the eloquent eulogium of Mr. Canning, that "Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman; nor

India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier." The following extract is from a letter to his brother James.

Senkledroog, 25th January, 1706.

"DEAR JAMES,—I have received your letters of June and September, 1794, and May, 1795. I cannot read your account of your ramble among our old haunts, without wishing myself along with you. I understand all the alterations you mention, as well as if I saw them; but I have too much veneration for everything about the place, to relish any changes:—I neither like the stone wall, nor the making the entrance from the hollow part of the road where the burn runs, instead of letting it go through the avenue as formerly. I hope the mill-lade is still full of mud; that the short road through the garden still remains; that the raspberries opposite to the dam still thrive for the benefit of wandering boys; and that no flood has carried away the large stone in the deep water opposite to the bathing-house, from which we used to plunge. Often have I sat upon it, and encouraged you, in vain, to come in. Alexander and William were not afraid of the water, and soon learned to swim; but I could never prevail on you to come above the dam: you always amused yourself among the stones in the shallow water below, where it was hardly deep enough for the minnows to play. This spot, next to our own family, if anything ever draws me home, will do it. I have no friendships nor employment that should induce me to return. I had no companions in the grammar-school with whom I associated after leaving it, except John Brown's sons and my brothers: and they are now dispersed in all parts of the world. By spending so much of my time in the house, I was more among Erskine's acquaintances than any of my own, and I would much rather see them than any of my schoolfellows.

"My attachment to India has been much weakened since you left it, by the loss of many valuable friends. You already know of James Irving; but Dods, the oldest and dearest of them all, is now gone; he was my tent-mate in 80 at Conjeeveram, and from that time till the day of his death, my affection for him grew stronger and stronger; he was carried off, in the course of a week, by a hill fever, which he caught at Gingee, where he had gone with another officer for the sake of solitary excursions, of which he was so fond, and of visiting the stupendous rocks and ruins about that place. No year ever passed that he did not contrive to spend several weeks with me. He was going to see some friends at Trichinopoly, and from thence had promised to come through the Baramahl on his way to Arnie. I wrote to him, that I had a tent ready for him; but my letter came back under a cover, informing me of his death. You fancy to yourself Foulis and he and I meeting at Derampoory: such a meeting I once flattered myself with seeing; but it is all over now, and the world has nothing which can ever give me so much pleasure as it would have done; but I am afraid I shall soon have to lament the loss of another friend. Foulis is so ill, that there is hardly any chance of his recovery; if he dies, I shall have seen the end of almost the only three men with whom I have ever been intimate. Taylor is the only exception; and his constitution is so much impaired, that he will be obliged to go to Europe. I am now too old to form new friendships; and I foresee that I must go through life like a stranger among people, some of whom I esteem, but for none of whom I have any particular partiality. Daniel's marriage inclines me to believe, that I am still a young man; but when I see all my friends dropping off, I feel that I have survived all the pleasures of youth, and that I have only those of age to look to—the recollection of what is past." i. 180—2.

In another letter to the same brother, in allusion to the rage for display, which renders society, or at least what is called literary society, a scene of ignorant affectation and mean jealousy, he thus writes:

"I would not choose to give my days and nights to retailers of family anecdotes; but I like to sit down sometimes in the midst of a gossiping circle, and hear one tell how his grandmother could thread a needle, without spectacles, at fourscore, and another, how his grand-aunt, by the father's side, could read a small printed Bible at ninety. These, in the pride of your philosophy, you may despise as trifling matters; but I should be very glad when I am reading my Bible at ninety, as God willing I shall, to see you threading your needle at eighty without spectacles." i. 191-2.

The following letter to his sister, shows how little change of place, and lapse of time, had effaced the deep and cherished impressions of early years.

Derampoory, 7th February, 1798.

"DEAR ERSKINE,—Both your sprigs of ivy have reached their destination; for they have several times visited the Cavery in my writing-table, and will yet, I hope, see the bank from whence they came. Were I a man of a devout turn of mind, they might give rise to many serious and comfortable reflections on the world to come: even as it is, they warn me that I am not what I was—that I am as withered as they—that I may return home, but that my youth and freshness will never return; and that I must, sooner or later, be mingled with the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa, or some other valley of death. They often remind me of old women and their religious books, usually interspersed, for what reason I do not know, with dried leaves of roses and tulips in almost every page; and then I fancy myself again in the English chapel, turning over the prayer-book of Miss Yule (I think), the old lady who sat in the same pew with our mother, which, besides a collection of withered leaves, contained many excellent pictures of prophets and angels. I fancy myself again listening to the drowsy doctrines of Mr. —, and wishing myself in the Green, or anywhere but with him, while he was soaring beyond this visible diurnal sphere. But when I read your verses, I forgot the ivy-mantled towers and kirks, and all the dismal countenances of the crowds of quick and dead that are poured out of them on a Sunday evening, and am transported to my old haunts at Northside. I cannot however, recollect the old tree which supported your ivy sprig. There was one pretty tall tree near Jackson's dam, at the sluice, and another higher up, near the hut made of fir branches, for undressing; but I do not remember that either of them was encircled in ivy. The trees that attracted most of my attention were in the Glebe; an old oak, (I believe,) under which I made a seat, and two fir-trees, with large projecting branches, on which I have often sat and read voyages to the East Indies, much more pleasant than I have found them since.

"I know not whether it is nature or early habits that give us an attachment to particular ways of life, but I never passed any time so pleasantly as catching eels and minnows, unless, perhaps, when I was too indolent to fish, and sat on a rock under Jackson's dam, with my feet dangling in the stream, and my eyes fixed on the water gliding among the stones. Many an idle, vacant, ruminating hour have I spent in this position, from which I was usually at length moved by some fell design against a shoal of minnows, or against the long black insect which, in a sunny day, is continually sliding along the surface of the water. After so long an interval, I find my fondness for these amusements but little abated. I never was more happy to escape from school than I am now to

escape from business to some sequestered spot, to spend a truant day, just as I have done five-and-twenty years ago. There is a place about twelve miles from this, close to a little river, about half the size of Kelvin, with its banks shaded with large trees, in the midst of which stands the house or bower of Captain Irton, who has little to do himself, and is always ready to stroll or swim. I often visit him in this solitary retreat, and spend the day rationally, as I think, between walking, swimming, and fishing in a basket-boat: and if patience be a virtue, a basket-boat is an excellent school for it; for I have sat in it three hours, with the sun burning almost as much from the water as from the heavens, without catching a single minnow." i. 196-8.

A previous letter, in which the writer ridicules the French philosophy, and the rage for improvements, throws a still stronger light on this part of the character of Sir Thomas Munro. After alluding to the expected improvement and increased numbers of the human race, he writes—

"What will be the consequence of this advanced state of society? We shall, like the Chinese, throw our new-born children into rivers, with as little remorse as if they were puppies. In towns where there is no river at hand, Edinburgh, for instance, the cry of 'Gardylloo' will probably be followed by a babe, instead of the accompaniment which Queen Mary introduced from France. Ten stories will be more certain death to the young philosophers than a plunge into the river. We shall then hear of more 'scapes by flood than by field,' and for want of romances and memoirs of revolutions, the adventures of these foundlings will form a principal part of our libraries. We shall not be able to walk out without being jostled on all sides by crowds of enlightened men and women. All the sports of the field, and all rural pleasures, will be at an end. There will be no rambling across the meadows; for every man will fence his territorial possessions of twenty feet against all intruders. There will be no hunting or shooting, for all wild animals will have been destroyed; and there will be no fishing, because every living thing in the rivers will have been poisoned by manufactures. There will be no poetry, no silence, no solitude; and if by chance some genius should arise and invoke the muse, he will sing more of being lulled to sleep by the clattering of fulling-mills and other machinery, than by the whispering of the zephyrs, or the sweet south, upon a bank of violets. The hard-handed peasant will then wear dog-skin gloves, silk stockings, and a solitaire, and be wrapt in silk from top to toe like a cocoon; and as the plough will then, by the power of machinery, go by itself, he will look at its motions, mounted on the horse, which, in these barbarous times, would be employed in drawing it. And the rich man, dressed in the finest stuffs that art can produce, will sit in his marble palace gasping for fresh air; for amidst the steam of human bodies, and the smoke of engines and workshops, it will be impossible to get a mouthful, unless by going to sea." i. 162-5.

Then, after pointing out the useless or mischievous results to which this speculative folly would lead, he concludes—

"The human race, as I told you before, is to be one great family. All malignant passions, and with them war, are to cease—all nations are to be alike enlightened. The gentlemen of Timbuctoo are to speak French, and the ladies to warble Italian; and the tranquil pleasures of mankind are never to be ruffled, unless by the death of their cattle, or the birth of their children. To such a state of dull uniform repose, give me, a thousand times in preference, the world as it now stands, with all its beautiful variety of knowledge and ignorance,—of languages—of manners—customs—religions and

superstitions—of cultivated fields and wide-extended deserts—and of war and peace." i. 165-6.

But we must hasten to the conclusion of our extracts, regretting that our limits do not admit of our giving any adequate idea of the value and importance of the materials contained in these volumes. We cannot deny ourselves or our readers the gratification, which the following exquisite passage must afford to every mind of ordinary sensibility. In a letter to Lady Munro, who was then in England with her two sons, he writes thus:

Guindy, 2nd, of April, 1826.

"We came here last night, for the first time since you went away; Col. Carfrae and I drove out together. We alighted at the old place, near the well. It was nearly dark, and we passed through the garden without finding you. We had nobody in the evening but Captain Watson, which I was glad of. He has got the floors covered with new mats, which smell like hay; but they are of no use when those for whom they were intended are gone. The cause which occasioned the desertion of this house gives everything about it a melancholy appearance. I dislike to enter Kamen's room. I never pass it without thinking of that sad night when I saw him lying in Rosa's lap, with leeches on his head, the tears streaming down his face, crying with fear and pain, and his life uncertain. His image, in that situation, is always present to me whenever I think of this house. I walked out this morning at daylight. I followed Captain Watson's new road, which is now made hard with gravel, as far as the place where it divides; but on reaching this point, instead of turning to the left, as we used to do, I continued along the main branch to the little tank, and there halted a few minutes to admire the view of the distant hills. I then turned towards the garden, where I always found you, and Kamen trotting before you, except when he stayed behind to examine some ant-hole. How delightful it was to see him walking, or running, or stopping, to endeavour to explain something with his hands to help his language. How easy, and artless, and beautiful, are all the motions of a child. Everything that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing, and they are the arms which Nature has given him for his protection, because they make everybody feel an attachment for him.—I have lost his society just at the time when it was most interesting. It was his tottering walk, his helplessness, and unconsciousness, that I liked. By the time I see him again he will have lost all those qualities,—he will know how to behave himself,—he will have acquired some knowledge of the world, and will not be half so engaging as he now is. I almost wish that he would never change." ii. 179-80.

It is painful to know, that the feelings of affection, thus beautifully described, were never to be gratified by the presence of these beloved objects; Sir Thomas never again beheld his family. He died of cholera, after an illness of twelve hours, on the 5th of July, 1827, and the intelligence of his death was received as that of a public calamity, by all who knew him, either in India, or in his native country.

In dismissing the subject of Sir Thomas Munro's Life, we should not do ourselves justice did we not express our satisfaction at the manner in which Mr. Gleig has presented his valuable materials to the public. We cannot doubt that these volumes, as well from the various, interesting, and, in these times, most important information they contain, as from the skilful and agreeable manner in which they are executed, will be in the hands of every one who can have access to them; and find their way, as they most assuredly deserve, to the library of every man who has a relish for works of a biographical, historical, or political nature.

Foreign Quarterly Review. No. X. London: Treuttel and Würtz.

WE may say, without the smallest national vanity, (and here our readers doubtless expect some overweening specimen of it,) that as Europe is indebted to this country for the prototype of reviewing, in its present shape and calibre, so to England she must hold herself indebted for the first Review which fully deserves the epithet *European*. At least, we do not know where we should find a periodical to which, from its commencement, such a title has been so justly due, as to that which is at present before us. We do not speak alone of the variety of subjects which have from time to time diversified its pages;—though few themes of general interest, from the Atlantic to the Euxine, have evaded its censorial jurisdiction;—it is of the spirit, however, in which that jurisdiction has been exercised, that we would speak with more especial commendation. Without, in any respect, abandoning what is valuable in the language or the sentiments of Englishmen, its conductors seem to cherish none of that spurious nationality which displays itself in treating with injustice the productions of all other nations and languages than our own. Nor have they, on the other hand, allowed themselves to be led, by any enthusiasm or favouritism, to trumpet forth the praise of any one particular school of foreign literature, poetry, or philosophy. A tone of equal regard for all contemporary genius, is a proof of equal insight into its many-linguaged treasures; and a work which maintains a character of fearless truth and justice, may well assert the authority of a more exalted mission, than the world has yet assigned to periodical publications. Thinking highly as we do of the *Foreign Quarterly Reviewers*, we do not feel by any means surprised or scandalized, that they think not lowly of themselves. For example:

"In the article on the Greek Question, in our last number, we thought it our imperative duty to lay before the British and European public, a connected view of the events of the Greek revolution, and of the diplomatic proceedings of the contracting parties to the treaty of London, in as great detail as our very confined limits would admit. In so doing, we scrupulously adhered to the statement of facts of which we had official or authentic evidence, and carefully abstained from every extraneous remark, which could offend the feelings or injure the character of those whose conduct came under our notice. Resolved to be strictly just and impartial, we allowed no consideration of country or of faction to bias our judgment, and detailed a course of negotiation (parts of which had hitherto remained generally unknown) without any reference to the result of our statement on those whose policy it described or disclosed.

"The reward of our intrepid honesty has been more flattering to our pride, and more satisfactory to our cause—the cause of truth—than we could have anticipated. Every leading journal of Europe—English, French, and German—has alluded to, or quoted our statements. A new and higher degree of interest has been attracted to the subject, by more intelligible reasoning and more correct information than the public had hitherto possessed; and we hope that it will be thought no presumption to add to our belief, that our efforts have not even been without their influence on the result of the negotiations which are now so happily concluded, by having shown to ministers and statesmen that their movements were watched and their proceedings recorded; that they were amenable to public opinion for what was done at their private conferences; and that they could not dispose of the destinies of a celebrated people with closed doors, as a select vestry disposes of a parish job." 669-70.

The whole of the paper on the "Sovereignty and Final Settlement of Greece," from which we make the foregoing extract, well deserves perusal. We can only give insertion to the following passage:—

"It would be of considerable interest to ascertain exactly the amount of population in the liberated provinces, in order to estimate the extent of their resources, their capabilities of defence, and their prospects of improvement. That amount has been variously stated by persons pretending to information on the subject, but would seem in general to have been very much exaggerated. It does not on a large calculation reach nearly a million. That of the Peloponnesus has been computed, by different authors, at 248,000, at 400,000, at 600,000, and at 710,000. Soutzo, the historian of the Greek revolution, makes the population of the Morea, in 1821, amount to 460,000, divided into twenty-four cantons, and spread over 965 villages; the Turkish population being about 50,000. North of the isthmus of Corinth, the Greek population of the provinces which took part in the revolt has been computed variously, at 400,000, at 200,000, and at 180,000. The last is the estimate of Count Guilleminot, the French ambassador at the Porte, communicated in a memorial on the limits of Greece, submitted to the allied courts, and formed, of course, after a considerable extent of inquiry, and on several sets of data. The number of inhabitants in the Cyclades, and all the islands which declared for independence, with the exception of Candia, never exceeded 200,000. Probably the most correct estimate of the population proposed to be included in the new Greek republic, with the boundary of Aria and Volo, would not exceed 700,000 or 800,000. The Morea, which has borne the principal brunt of the struggle, was divided into twenty cantons, containing more than a thousand villages. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, which supplied the greater part of the naval force of Greece, had not, at the commencement of the struggle, fifty thousand inhabitants. Such an amount of population, however, though it may fall short of the exaggerated statements in circulation at different periods of the contest, must be allowed to afford no inconsiderable basis for a great structure of prosperity, fame, and dominion, when we reflect on the impression created in the world by Genoa, Venice, and Florence, in modern times, and by Athens herself, with her thirty or forty thousand citizens, at the period of her greatest glory. But be this as it may, and however high the future destinies of this once celebrated people may rise, their present extent of territory does not exceed that of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; their amount of population does not reach that of the West Riding of Yorkshire; the whole trade of their nation is exceeded by that of Hull; and the whole revenue levied on their present exhausted resources does not equal the taxes paid by a couple of London porter-brewers.

"After the allied courts had decided on the limits of the Greek state, and declared its independence of the Turks, their next subject of deliberation was the nature of its government and the selection of its sovereign. In their former protocols they had laid down two important resolutions on this subject—that the government should be as near a monarchy as possible, and that the sovereignty should be hereditary in the family of a Christian prince, unconnected by blood with the reigning houses of the contracting parties. This latter 'self-denying ordinance' saved them from many suspicions of partiality, and annihilated the separate interests which might have led to misunderstandings. A conclave of ministers possessed the disposal of a crown, and had to set about king-making. Different candidates crossed their

hall of conference, and disappeared like the enchanted procession of Macbeth. Prince Paul, the brother of the King of Wirtemberg, and a prince of the family of Baden, both of them connected by blood or by affinity with the Emperor of Russia, thought themselves fit for reigning over the Greeks, and preferred their claims. But the imperial elector, to save himself the trouble of deciding between such conflicting interests or pretensions, surrendered his white ball into the hands of one of his allies. Having conquered and dismantled an empire, his imperial majesty could afford to abandon his stake in the disposal of a little fragment cut out of its ruins. It was enough for his vanity—perhaps for his glory—that one of his generals had been able to create a kingdom in one of the minor articles of a treaty of peace—that he had been able to reverse, by a stroke of his pen, the political slavery of four centuries—and that he could thus toss a crown among the bystanders to celebrate his triumph, like medals at a coronation. The proxy of Russia was therefore given to France, which, from her active co-operation in all the measures for the liberation of Greece—from her advances of money to support the provisional government, and particularly from her expedition to the Morea, had merited that mark of confidence. The power which the government of France thus obtained, was, we think, wisely, as well as impartially and generously, exercised in favour of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, to whom England lent her support." 679—81.

The article from which we have made the foregoing extract, however, is by no means the only excellent one in the number now before us, which abounds, in short, in interesting and well-written papers. Among the rest, we cannot help directing attention to a very amusing one on the works of a French novelist, little known as yet to our countrymen; "and yet he is a highly-popular author, within two days' journey of our capital." The following sketch of the character of his writings, and of the spirit of the French people, will, we doubt not, pique the curiosity, and arouse the attention of our readers:—

"Paul de Koch is a writer from the people and of the people, and we should not be surprised to find that the 'Exclusives' of the French capital vote him vulgar, and condemn him to milliners and apprentices. Luckily, however, the power of this awful epithet is less imposing on the other side of the water than with us. Each class in France reads that which suits it, and does not receive, as lady's maids do cast clothes, the faded finery of its superiors; it is the *bulk* of the population among our neighbours which gives and takes away reputation; they have done so long without their Corinthian capital, that they scarcely take it for an ornament. We, on the contrary, perpetually gaze upwards; the word *low* signifies base, vulgar, disgusting, common, worthless; and respectable, wealthy, fashionable, virtuous, *high life*, all that is worthy of honour. Unless the power of genius had achieved a victory over the power of fashion, as in Burns, (but Burns's vulgarity was Scotch, and so far foreign,) or had Beranger been an Englishman, the exquisite productions of both would have been condemned to perpetual contempt, as the productions of vulgar men, whose themes were *low*. It is this very circumstance which has made the fortune of Beranger in France, and which, on the contrary, has so long obscured the memory of Miss Austin in England. She interpreted nature by means of retired tradesmen, old maids living on a pittance, a pompous official of a small town, or at the highest, a country gentleman or rural baronet. Had she aimed at painting a life she did not know, and plentifully sprinkled her *platitudes* with lordly titles, and spoken of places and persons

of distinction with an assumed familiarity, it is true that we should have missed her charming romances; but she herself would not have died in obscurity, the eulogy of her talents placed before her posthumous publication, (in which she was compared to Miss Edgeworth,) would not have been laughed at, and her praise in the *Quarterly Review*, where ample though tardy justice was at length done to her, might have been anticipated some years.

"Those only who have lived in France of late years can form an idea of the utter republicanism of men's minds in that country; not republicanism as respects government, because the sole wish of the people is a limited and constitutional monarchy, no matter what monarch; but republicanism as respects all notions of distinction or difference between man and man. Except in certain veins of society, nobility is a joke, and the idea of superiority, as attached to title, ridiculous. The titular nobility, where they are neither placed nor wealthy, are treated simply with a kind of toleration; the real aristocracy of France are the *millionnaires*, wherever found, and the decided tendency in that country at the present moment is the deification of wealth. This spirit amazingly enlarges the novelist's sphere of action; he is not obliged to be aristocratical in order to be genteel; he embraces every description of life with perfect indifference, knowing well that if his pictures are clever and resembling, whatever be the subject, they will please. In spite, therefore, of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paul de Koch revels in the humours of the Parisian *badands*, chooses his heroines among milkmaids and flower-sellers, spends paper upon the humours of an old accountant, or the follies of a flourishing grocer. His heroes have never more than a few hundreds a year, and not one of them possesses a title; nobility is certainly occasionally introduced, but it is either to represent imbecility, or knavery, or perhaps austerly. Such is the real *revolution* that has taken place in France; for Paul de Koch may be taken as a very fair and very unconscious representative of the sentiments of his countrymen. The time was when trade or commerce dishonoured the name of a French gentleman: at this moment, who is more considered in Paris than a wealthy *homme d'affaires*, or a successful *agent de change*?—in the provinces, than the proprietor of a cotton manufactory, of a foundry, or a beet-root farm?

"However this may be, Paul de Koch chooses his subjects almost entirely from the middle classes of the French, and never seems aware that there are others entitled to despise them. There is another peculiarity, however, about him, which with us would again be a subject of ridicule, but is probably a source of pride among his countrymen: he is not so much French as Parisian; we should call him a cockney; his experience is utterly confined to Paris and its environs. When he has passed the limits of Villeneuve St. Georges, or Montmorency, he is launched on the wide realms of imagination, and his love in a cottage, his peasantry, and his picturesque, are all perfectly Arcadian—that is to say, unreal; while Paris, Parisian life, and all that stirs from the Marais to the Chaussee d'Antin, are so familiarly present to his mind, that nearly half his novels might bear the name of *Paris* in 1829. In short, he is a *badand* of genius. Why a man should be despised because he has passed the principal part of his life in a great capital, the seat of government, the centre of civilization, the abode or resort of everything curious, beautiful, and great, we do not precisely understand; nevertheless, it is a legitimate cause of laughter amongst Englishmen; and the native of the most insignificant village, or the inhabitant of any second or third rate town, glories in his superiority over the cockney. The very name has alone put to flight a school of

poets, and would, if adroitly applied and ably followed up at this moment, crush in its cradle any work of imagination, whatever might be its claims to attention. It is different in France, where the epithet *Parisian* has hitherto perhaps had too much influence as a stamp of approbation." p. 517—19.

Conversations on Comparative Chronology, &c.
12mo. Longman and Co.

THEY who employ the noblest energies of their minds to "make smooth" the "rough ways" of science, deserve well of those to whom knowledge is at once an interest and a delight. It is perhaps one of the most difficult undertakings of human endeavour, so to simplify the elements of science, as to render them not only easy, but pleasurable in attainment. There is probably, nothing in the whole range of intellectual acquisition so dry and repulsive, as mere circumstantial chronology. This sterile and uninviting subject, however, has, in the volume before us, been so judiciously diversified by passages of parallel history—by a happy blending of contemporaneous and coincidental events—that it cannot fail to stimulate the attention of the most indolent, and to enliven the most comatose. We have not here a mere cluster of occurrences with their corresponding dates numerically set down, but all the remarkable circumstances of different periods, in their respective successions of time, are brought, as it were, at one view before us; so that the memory is helped to retain impressions of objects, by the very diversity presented to it. The system of comparative chronology, adopted in this manual, is an admirable method to make the reader master of that knowledge which it is designed to convey; and the copious fund of information thrown into the dialogue does great credit to the author's industry and reading. We have seldom seen a book of such a high character with so little pretension,—and most conscientiously recommend it to parents and guardians, as a judicious summary of general history. The questions at the end of the several chapters are very useful, and the volume is concluded by an excellent chronological table. We regret the absence of an Index, which, however, a second edition will give the author an opportunity of supplying.

Eldred of Erin. A Poem. By Charles Doyne Sillery. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance & Co.

As a poetical work, "*Eldred of Erin*" is a complete failure. Inflation and prolixity form the prominent features of this little volume. The style is not suited to the subject. We recommend more simplicity; and Mr. Sillery should know, that perspicuity is not to be sacrificed to meretricious decoration, which is never in good taste. The author is passionately fond of metaphors, and singularly unhappy in the construction of them. We give him credit for good moral feeling—this, like charity, may cover a multitude of sins, but his poetical sins are beyond redemption.

A Letter to a Young Piano-forte Player. 2d Edit. London, 1830. N. Hailes, Piccadilly; C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

A LITTLE work of no ordinary nature, whether we consider the thorough acquaintance it displays with the subject on which it has been written, or the delicate and sweet style in which its advices and remarks are conveyed. Equally free from ignorance and pedantry, and full of nice taste and sound judgment, it may be read with profit and amusement, not only by the class of musicians to which it is addressed, but by those also of more advanced attainments, and particularly teachers. We strongly recommend it to general notice.

The Golden Lyre. 1830.

A VERY elegant specimen of typography, well worthy of a place on the most richly ornamented drawing-room table. The contents of "*The Golden Lyre*" are, a selection of sonnets and other short poems, from esteemed authors, in the English, French, German, Italian and Spanish languages, printed in metallic gold letter of various sized types. It professes to show the progress of a new and beautiful art, and to supply a volume of agreeable and diversified reading for the student of foreign literature. The latter, perhaps, is too ambitious a claim for a volume of this size and nature, but the little book is certainly a *bijou* in its way, and well answers the other object of its publication.

THE FAIR OF SALONA.†

BY GENERAL BARON WELDER.

DAY had not yet dawned when I quitted Spalatro, and strolled along the fine road to Salona, situated from the former place, at the distance of an hour's walk. At Salona was to be held the fair which takes place annually on the feast of the birth of the Virgin Mary, and at which most of the inhabitants of the circle of Spalatro assemble. I found the armed force already in motion: bands of Pandours with their Harunbaschis at their head, patrolled the roads in every direction, and assigned to the people as they arrived their respective stations. The fair sex were to be seen in numerous groups, arranging their toilet in the open fields, with no other mirror than the brook which watered the delicious valley of Salona: and on this grand day, butter, which in this country is the most esteemed substitute for bear's grease, or *pomme divine*, was not spared. The dresses, especially those of the women, were of indescribable variety, but all seemed to concur in affecting great luxury and profusion in ear-drops, buttons, rings, coins, and large plates inlaid with various-coloured glass in imitation of precious stones, under the weight of which they seemed almost sinking: a party of women so bedizened, if heard only, might be mistaken for a set of musical bells in motion. In the plaiting of the men's hair, also, an extraordinary superabundance of lard had been used on the occasion, while the ends of the plaits were adorned with tassels and ribands. The hearty breakfast of goat's-flesh and garlic, of which most of them had partaken, made it no very agreeable treat to be mixed up with the crowd which flocked to the church from every direction. I made one or two efforts to escape from the throng, but in vain; for I had no sooner turned round with the view of accomplishing that purpose, than the intolerable odour which I had to meet, made me immediately face about again. I found some recompense in an interesting exhibition at the door of the church. There, and there only, will the Morlachian lay aside his arms; and I had absolutely an arsenal to examine. I was warned, however, against taking up the weapons, as the doing so was an affront to be resented. Several of the owners of the most distinguished arms, nevertheless, offered them to my observation with very complacent satisfaction. There were guns of all calibres and forms; many of them had French barrels and Turkish locks, but all had the peculiar short stock, which, when the piece is fired, gives that smart shock which the Morlachian cannot dispense with as a necessary accompaniment to his battle. Many of the musket-stocks were inlaid with rude work in mother-of-pearl; in this the workmanship of Montenegro was to be recognized: the greater number of them had long thin Damasceened barrels of Turkish make. The manufacture and putting together of gun-locks

are perfectly understood by the Morlachians themselves. Among other muskets, I discovered one of the fabric of Versailles, which the possessor boasted of having taken from a French courier whom he had killed. The Morlachian is an expert marksman: when lying or kneeling behind a bush he can take a deliberate aim; but he is a bad shot at a flying mark. His ammunition, as would be expected, often fails him, and then he loads with small stones, or broken pieces of iron, heedless of the injury to his musket. Gunpowder is the most acceptable present that can be given him, and I have often made a friend amongst them by the donation of a single charge. How often have I been tormented for powder, to enable my importuner to go shooting! In return, the game killed was quite at my service, but this to me was never eatable. The idea unluckily came across me, to show the amateurs of arms who surrounded me, a pair of pistols with chemical locks, which I carried with me: but the press of people became then so great, that I began to be apprehensive of the consequences; and as a piece of wood thrown into the air fell each time perforated at the feet of the bystanders, without their having seen me prime the pistol afresh, they thought it the effect of magic, and this belief was strengthened, when, on giving the pistol to one of them to fire, without first touching the priming spring, he could not discharge it. I was obliged to avail myself of the interference of the Pandours to make my way out of the ring in which I found myself enclosed, and where, as if by way of punishment for the curiosity and astonishment I had excited, I seemed doomed to be suffocated. For the rest of the day, the miraculous pistols were a topic of conversation, with young and old; and whichever way I turned, I was regarded with a respect which almost amounted to awe. Towards evening, a Morlachian of Stuzende, a town situated close to the Turkish frontier, offered me his whole set of arms, which consisted of five very respectable pieces, if I would give him one of my pistols, and impart to him the magical secret. Much as I coveted Turkish arms, I preferred keeping up my credit, and declined the bargain. I inquired of my bidder, however, the value in money of his weapons; he estimated them altogether at ninety Spanish dollars. I explained to him the price I had paid for my pistols; I showed him that they did not cost a quarter of the sum at which he valued his arms: but he answered me quickly, "Ah, Sir! but you have not said what you paid for the charm."

The church service terminated with a procession, which carried the statue of the Virgin about the town. The persons officiating in this ceremony, were entirely surrounded by the armed patrol. Drawn sabres, and the authority of the Vice-Gardar and the Harunbaschis, cleared a way for the holy convoy to pass; and I could not observe without surprise, the patient submission of this wild and impetuous people, and the resignation with which the fiercest among them allowed themselves to be maltreated by their magistrates. A small embroidered sign in the red cap, is all that distinguishes the Pandours when on service; and under its authority, they fearlessly arrest their countrymen, nay, their own kindred; while, without the protection of this little morsel of embroidery, the mere touching a man would be a signal for bloodshed and murder. This is certainly a proof of the respect and awe in which the laws are held.

When the holy image was deposited, for a resting-place, on a certain stone adorned for the purpose with flowers, and around which more than sixty Pandours, with arms presented, formed a ring, the press of the crowd was so great and powerful, that a complete affray took place. The people in fact were desirous to have

† The site of the ancient Salona in Dalmatia.

their rosaries consecrated by contact with the image, and this wish the priests who accompanied it did all in their power to gratify, by giving out the strings of beads that had been blessed, beyond the circle formed around them by the soldiers who protected them. But then the confusion of claims to the ownership of the various articles that had received the benediction, gave rise to the most violent contentions; and these changed into absolute fights, when, the image having moved on, a scramble ensued among the populace for the possession of the flowers which had bedecked the stone on which it had rested. The scene was altogether a most strange one. And while the sacred hymns were chaunting by the priests and monks who formed the procession, the arms of the soldiery glittered under the waving banners which were carried before it, and amidst the pomp of the sacerdotal vestments. At the same time, the shouts of the combatants were to be heard intermingling with the holy hymn of St. Ambrose. The toilet of many a fair one suffered in this conflict; it was easy to discern by her dishevelled hair, the value she attached to the nosegay which she bore in token of her victory.

At 11 o'clock, the church ceremonies gave place to the feasting part of the day's proceedings; and the crowds assembled to their dinner in every variety of grouping. Great spits, on which were stuck lambs roasted whole, were thrust in the ground like standards; and around these sat the different members of entire families, often including three generations. The men having first satisfied their hunger, which seemed by no means slight, the woman-kind were allowed to take their turn; but for their share, it must be confessed, little else than bones remained. Fresh garlick, and wine which flowed abundantly from goat-skins, supplied the place of dessert. The Morlachian eats little bread; his favorite food is flesh, which he devours with great avidity. I have often seen a man consume an entire roasted lamb at one meal. Yet he is capable of long fasting; and whole families live during many months of winter on roots and wild onions. Their favourite drink is the glowing juice of the grape, the produce of their bountiful soil and climate; and this is drunk without moderation or limits as long as a drop remains in the house. The Morlachian is also a friend to feasting, for which no occasion is lost. A birth, a marriage, or a death, causes alike a feast-day; to these are to be added church festivals, anniversaries, and, by reason of the extensive ramifications of kindred, numerous family feasts: so that about two thirds of the days in the year are holidays, the observance of which tends in no slight degree to impoverish the country.

Increased singing, and here and there the monotonous notes of the Morlachian fife, or of a harsh bagpipe, announced the conclusion of dinner, and the commencement of the dance. The choice of a place for this sport perplexed no one; situation was no object to the crowds assembled on this occasion;—in the high road, in the ploughed field, among the heath, behind a cottage, with or without music, the dancers in their respective parties placed themselves side by side in a row, holding on to one another by the leather girdle which everybody wore. The amusement began under a leader of the dance, with a movement in a circle accompanied by a stamping of feet, which made the ground shake again. Then the leader abandoned the ring into which he had conducted his followers, and led them on first to one side then to the other in every direction, dragging them on in the most capricious and ever-varying windings; and woe to him who should let go the hold of his neighbour; he inevitably measured his length on the ground, drawing after him those near him and all who hung to them. This dance is called *Colo* (the wheel), and is one of the most powerful

sudorifics I am acquainted with. Occasionally when any one forming a link in the chain has exhausted his breath by stamping, and is unable to continue the exercise, a bystander will adroitly step in and take his place without breaking the chain. Altogether there are more women dancers (the oldest amongst them join in the sport), than men: the latter do not lay aside their arms, and a pistol often goes off during the dance.

To the dancing succeeds the firing of arms in all directions; and the whizzing of the bullets through the air, assured me that the guns were loaded with no sham charges. In the meantime, patrols of Pandours marched leisurely over the ground which had so suddenly become a scene of such wild tumult; but their appearance was scarcely more grave or sober than that of those who had enjoyed the dance.

One of the strongest contrasts to this rude assemblage, was afforded by the groups of Castellani, the dwellers along the Riviera or shore of Trau, near Spalatro, who kept themselves aloof from the other Morlachians, and sat down to table, in the houses in the vicinity, in a perfectly civilized manner. The costume of the men was much in the Italian style, and for arms they contented themselves with carrying a knife only; the women were splendidly dressed in red gowns which hung in rich folds, and a mantle of the same colour having arms. These groups, the upper classes as it were, assembled for the dance later than the rest; and, under a tent of sail-cloth pitched on the bank of the Salona, they danced a kind of *Monferin*, in which the rich folds of their garments had a very advantageous effect.

In the meantime, the approaching evening reminded the most merry revellers of their distance from home, and the assembled crowds began to depart in all directions. The men, most of them, rode; the women, laden with their children, their toilet apparatus, and the articles purchased at the fair, returned on foot. And here, I cannot help referring to the degrading treatment of the women by the Morlachians, as an additional proof of the decline of the nation. I have been shocked at seeing females in a very advanced state of pregnancy engaged in the most laborious occupations of agriculture, while the husband has been standing by in the greatest unconcern, leaning on his musket and smoking his pipe. The savage custom of revenge, on the principle of blood for blood, which descends from father to son, is another yet existing and crying evil in this country, and one which leads to the depopulation of the land, as well as to the commission of numerous crimes.

The day had at length closed: the venerable ruins of Salona were enlivened by whole tribes of wanderers, whose noisy festive songs resounded in unison with the continued firing of small arms, which announced the conclusion of the fête. My road, animated by a long train of holiday folks returning to their homes, lay by the magnificent route along the beautiful shore of Trau, by which I returned to Spalatro, to examine more at my leisure the beautiful remains of the palace of Dioclesian.

TO WATER LILIES.

BY SOPHIA SANDYS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers!—with your petals bright,
Ye float on the waves like spirits of light,
 wooing the zephyr that kisses your leaves,
 With a gentle sigh, like a lover that grieves
 When his mistress, blushing, refuses to hear
 The impassioned lay that he pours in her ear.

Beautiful flowers!—the sun's westward beam
 Still lingering plays on the silver stream;
 And ye look like some Naiad's golden shrine,
 That is lighted up with a flame divine;
 Or a bark, in which Love might safely glide,
 By the breeze impelled, o'er the purple tide.

Beautiful flowers!—how I love to gaze
 On your glorious hues in the noontide blaze,
 And to see them reflected far below
 In the azure waves as they onward flow;
 When the spirit that moves them, sighing, turns
 Where his golden crown on the water burns.

Beautiful flowers!—in the glowing west
 The sun has sunk in his crimson vest;
 And the pearly tears of the weeping night
 Have spangled your petals with gems of light,
 Which turn to stars every wandering beam,
 That the pale moon throws on the crystal stream.

Beautiful flowers!—yet a little while,
 And the sun on your faded buds shall smile;
 And the balm-laden zephyr that o'er you sighed,
 Shall scatter your leaves o'er the glassy tide;
 And the spirit that moved the stream shall spread
 His lucid robe o'er your watery bed.

Beautiful flowers!—our youth is as brief
 As the short-lived date of your golden leaf;
 And summer will come—and each amber urn,
 Like a "love-lighted" torch on the waves shall
 burn:

But when the first bloom of our life is o'er,
 No after-spring can its beauty restore.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

[From the *Mémoires* of M. de Bourrienne, Vol. VI.]

BONAPARTE'S VIEW OF CHURCH FESTIVALS.

ONE of the most unaccountable acts of the policy of Napoleon, was his keeping up, in the first year of his reign as Emperor, the fête of the 14th July; this was not, properly speaking, the festival of the Republic, but it commemorated two grand events—the taking of the Bastille, a day of horrors; and the first Confederation, a day of unreflecting enthusiasm. The 14th of July, in that year when Napoleon assumed the title and functions of Emperor, happening to fall on Saturday, he ordered that the ceremony should not be celebrated until the following day, that being Sunday; and this reminds me of a conversation which he addressed to me at the time when the Concordat was negotiating. "What I am most apprehensive of," he said, "should I re-establish the Catholic religion, is the immense number of festivals which were formerly observed. The Saints' days are the holidays of idleness, and such things will not do for me; the people must work in order to subsist. I consent to four days in the year, but no more; if our gentlemen from Rome will not be satisfied with that, I will send them about their business." The loss of time appeared to him so great a calamity, that whenever any occasional indispensable solemnity was to be performed, he never failed to fix it for a day already sacred. It was with the same views that he had the *Fête Dieu* celebrated on the Sunday following that festival.

FIRST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE—POMP OF NAPOLEON.

On Sunday then, the 15th July, 1804, the Emperor found occasion for displaying, for the first time, before the eyes of the Parisians, all the pomp of his imperial state. In the first place, all the members of the Legion of Honour present in Paris took the oath according to its new form. For the first time there were, what may be said to be two distinct retinues, that of the Emperor and that of the Empress. When Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries, he alone was surrounded by the meagre pomp permitted by the recent revival of luxury; and Madame Bonaparte, who was no more than the wife of the First Consul, had repaired to the chateau quietly and modestly, without pomp and without followers, to place herself at one of the windows of the Third Consul, Lebrun. But times were thoroughly changed since that time. There was, accordingly, the imperial train of the Empress, and the carriages which composed it

went through the gardens of the Tuileries, until then reserved exclusively for the use of the people; after came the military array of the Emperor, who chose to appear on horseback in the midst of the *élite* of his Generals, now become Marshals of the Empire. M. de Ségur was already Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and consequently charged with the command of the manœuvres of court etiquette; it was he who received the Emperor at the gate of the Invalides, conjointly with the Governor of that asylum. They conducted the Empress to a tribune prepared for her in front of the imperial throne, which Napoleon occupied alone on the right hand of the altar. I was present at this ceremony, notwithstanding the dislike I always felt to such brilliant mummeries; but as Duroc had called on me two days previously with tickets for places kept for me in a stand, I did not dare keep away, lest the searching eye of Napoleon should remark my absence,—for I concluded that Duroc had acted by his orders.

I was engaged for an hour, at least, in examining the proud, and in some cases ridiculous, bearing of all these new grandeurs of the Empire:—I witnessed the various evolutions of the clergy, who, with the Cardinal du Belloy at their head, went to receive the Emperor on his entering the church,—then no longer, as at the time of the transfer of the remains of Turenne, the Temple of Mars. How strange were the reflections that crossed my mind, when I had before my eyes my old schoolfellow of the Academy of Brienne, seated on an exalted throne, surrounded by generals who were the colonels of his guard, the grand dignitaries of his crown, his ministers, and field-m Marshals! My thoughts recurred involuntarily to the 19th Brumaire; and the effect of all this majestic pomp was dissipated when I thought of Bonaparte stammering to such a degree, that I was obliged to pull him by his coat to induce him to retire. It was neither a spirit of detraction, nor a feeling of jealousy, which suggested these reflections. Under no circumstances of our career would I have changed my situation for his.

I was diverted from these thoughts, by the movement which took place in the vast building, at the moment when, the religious ceremonies being concluded, the church became in a manner a profane temple. The congregation was more devoted to the Emperor, than to the God of all Christians; and there was consequently more enthusiasm than piety.

Mass had been listened to without a great deal of fervour; but when M. de Lacépède, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, after having pronounced a laudatory discourse, had finished the calling over the grand officers of the Legion, and Bonaparte put his hat on, as it was the custom of the ancient kings of France to do when they held their beds of justice; a profound silence ensued, a sort of religious worship reigned throughout the assembly. He no longer stammered, as at the council of the *Cinq Cents*, but said, with a firm voice, "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers; you swear on your honour to devote yourselves to the service of the Empire, and to the preservation of its territory and its integrity; to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the Republic, and of the rights of property which they have established:—to oppose, by every means authorized by justice, reason and the laws, every enterprise which shall tend to re-establish the feudal system:—lastly, you swear to aid with all your might in the maintenance of liberty and equality, the basis of our institutions. You swear to this?"

All the members of the Legion of Honour cried, *I swear*; and they added to this exclamation, *Vive l'Empereur!* with an enthusiasm which

it is impossible to describe, and in which all present joined. And yet, what after all was this new oath?—what but, with some trivial alterations, that of the Legion of Honour under the Consulate,—except that the Emperor had assumed the upper hand of the laws of the Republic, and that his having done so was not a mere form. It was pleasant enough moreover, or a little audacious perhaps, to propose an oath to maintain equality, at the very moment when so many titles and all the monarchical distinctions had been revived.

MODESTY OF JOSEPHINE—MADAME DE POLIGNAC.

Three days after this ceremony, that is to say, on the 18th of July, the Emperor quitted Paris to visit the camp of Boulogne. He did not take the Empress with him, as his journey was to be devoted entirely to the inspection of the military works and preparations. Availing myself of the invitation I had received from Josephine, I went to see her at St. Cloud some days after the departure of Napoleon. My visit was unexpected; and I found her surrounded by four or five ladies of the palace, who were soon to take the titles of Dames of Honour. She had me introduced as soon as I was announced; the ladies were engaged with those splendid *colifichets* furnished at so high a price by the celebrated Leroy and Madame Despeaux; for, however painful were the feelings which Josephine had experienced, she had too much of the woman in her, not to have at all times, even in the midst of her bitterest sorrows, some moments to devote to the business of the toilet. The matter under discussion when I was presented, was the grave question as to the fashions which the Empress should wear during a tour she was about to make in the Netherlands, where Napoleon had desired her to meet him,—the Castle of Lacken, near Brussels, being the appointed place of rendezvous. Notwithstanding the importance of the measures agitated in this conclave, Josephine received me as usual—in other words, in the most gracious manner; but, not being able to enter into conversation with me, she said,—in such a manner that I could take her words for an invitation,—that she intended to go and spend the following morning at Malmaison.

I made my visit short, and repaired the next day about noon to that delicious residence, which I have never been able to visit without emotion. It contained scarcely a walk or a tree but had some reminiscence connected with it; every object reminded me of the confidence of Bonaparte: but the times were vastly changed since he calculated to the farthing what the revenue of Malmaison might amount to, and concluded by saying, that to inhabit it properly would require thirty thousand francs a year.

On arriving at the château, I found the Empress walking with Madame de Rémusat, who was her favourite above all the other ladies of her Court, because she resembled her in mind, in goodness and benevolence. I accosted Josephine with an obeisance, at the same time inquiring after the health of *her Majesty*; and I shall never forget the tone of voice with which she said to me, "Ah, Bourrienne, here at least, I beseech you, let me forget that I am Empress: continue to be our friend." As Josephine had no thoughts concealed from Madame de Rémusat, with the exception perhaps of a few domestic vexations, of which I was probably the only confidant, we conversed as if we had been without witnesses, and the subject of our discourse, as will be anticipated, was the one object of all Josephine's thoughts. So complete was the habit in her, that, alluding to Bonaparte, she often used the *Il*; and I had no need of explanation to make me understand who this *Il* was.

After having spoken of the journey she was about to undertake to the Netherlands, Josephine said to me, "Bourrienne, Oh that the past could be recalled! He parted with good intentions; he has granted several pardons. I saw him for once at least happy in the good which it was in his power to do; and but for his accursed policy, I am sure he would have granted it to many more. It has cost me much, but I constrained myself to hide my griefs from him, because I perceived that they vexed him, and rendered him more gloomy. But now he is in the midst of his army, and there he will forget everything else. What an affliction it has been to me, not to be able to succeed in all the cases of petitions which have been addressed to me. That good Madame de Montesson came from Romainville to St. Cloud, to implore pardon for M. de Rivière and M. de Polignac: we succeeded in procuring an interview for Madame de Polignac. How beautiful she looked! Bonaparte was affected on seeing her, and said to her, 'Madame, it was at my life your husband aimed; I may therefore pardon him.' You, who know him, Bourrienne, can answer for him, that his disposition is not bad; it is his counsellors and flatterers who make him commit actions to be repented of. How much I was interested for these Messieurs de Polignac. There will be at least some families who will owe him a debt of gratitude! Let us endeavour to throw a veil over the past; I have sufficient causes of uneasiness in the future."

ARTIFICES OF BONAPARTE TO OBTAIN POPULARITY WITH THE ARMY.

In the reviews at the camp of Boulogne, Bonaparte inquired of the officers, and often of the soldiers even, in what battles they had fought in what affairs they had been engaged. To such of them as had received serious wounds, he gave the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was in the habit moreover, of resorting to a singular piece of charlatanism, which contributed greatly to inflame the enthusiasm of the troops. He is known to have said to one of his aids-de-camp, "Learn from the colonel of such a regiment, if there be in his corps any *homme d'élite*, who has made the campaigns of Italy or Egypt; get information as to the name and country of such a one, the circumstances of his family, and what he has done; ascertain what is his number in rank and file, and to what company he belongs." The review day being arrived, a glance was enough to assure Bonaparte of the man he had had notice of; he went up to him as if recognizing him, and calling him by name, said, "Ah ha! what, is it you? you are a brave soldier; I remember you at Aboukir; what is your aged father doing? Ah! so you haven't the cross. Here is one—I give it you." And thus the soldiers, enchanted, said one to another, "The Emperor knows us all; he is acquainted with our families: he knows what we have done." What a stimulus was thus given to soldiers, whom he had succeeded in persuading, that any one of them might some day or another become Field Marshal of the Empire.

INGENUITY OF NAPOLEON'S FLATTERERS.

Adroit in profiting by every effect of chance, to find happy predictions for the fortune of the Emperor, those who approached his person (on his visit to the camp of Boulogne) did not fail to place before his eyes, as glorious prognostics, whatever remains of antiquity had been found on turning up the soil in the neighbourhood. Some vestiges of a Roman camp discovered at the spot called *La Tour de l'Ordre*, where the tent of Napoleon was erected, afforded the army a clear proof that the Cæsar of the French occupied the camp formerly marked out by the Cæsar of the Romans, when threatening Great Britain; and to give greater weight to this illusion, the name of *Tour de Cæsar* was substituted for that

of *Tour de l'Ordre*. Some coins, moreover, of William the Conqueror, found in other excavations, and brought there expressly that the finding of them for the occasion might be more certain, must have removed all doubts from the minds of the most incredulous, that Napoleon was about to make the Conquest of England, as the Norman had done before him.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.†

TRANSLATED BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

At midnight in his grave,
The drummer he did wake,
And with a loud tattoo,
His lonely rounds 'gan make.
Stirr'd into tune by fleshless arms,
The drumsticks patly fall;
First sounds retreat, reveille next,
And then the muster-call.
Strange was the music of that drum,
And loud it echoed round!
The old slain warriors from their graves
Upstart at the sound.
Upstart they from north and south,
From where all stiff they lay,
In frozen graves, or warmer lodged
Beneath Italian clay;—
From 'neath the mud of ancient Nile,
The sands of Araby;
Upstart they from their deep rest,
Each man arm'd cap-à-pie.
And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And jumping on his battle steed,
A thundering blast he blows:
On shadowy coursers at the sound
The cavalry appear;
Renowned in many a field, and scarred
With wounds of many a year.
Their bare and yellow skulls beneath
The casque grin grim and bold;
And in their long and bony hands
A tranchant sword they hold.
And at midnight from his grave
The Chief himself uprose,
And followed by a gallant staff,
With slow grave pace he goes.
A little hat he wears, a coat
As plain as plain can be,
And by his side—his only arms—
A little sword hangs free.
O'er the wide field the moon doth fling
A pale and silvery hue;
The man who wears the little hat
There holds a grand review.
The troops present their arms, and then
(Deep rolls the drum the while,)
Recover, and before their Chief,
In long array, defile.
Around the leader circling now
The officers appear;
And to the nearest one, a word
He whispers in his ear.
The word is passed along the line,
And echoes down the Seine;
That word they mutter then is—France!
The answer—Saint Helène!
This was the grand review,
That on the moonlight field,
At midnight hour dead Cæsar on
The Champs Elysées held.

† The numerous versions into English of this spirited effusion, must be a gratifying compliment to its author,—a compliment the more pleasing, no doubt, as none is intended. We have already given one translation of it, which, for vigour and closeness to the original, we have not seen surpassed; and in now presenting our readers with a second, by an author whose name has been long before the public, we invite comparison, rather between the translations which appear in our columns, and those which other publications have furnished, than between the performances of our own contributors.—Ed.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FOUNDERING OF SHIPS PREVENTED.

At the *Conversazione* last Friday, Mr. Watson read a lecture explaining his invention for preventing ships foundering at sea, in case of a leak of so dangerous an extent as to render ineffectual every attempt to stop it.

It need scarcely be mentioned, that foundering at sea is the most fatal accident that can befall a ship. It mostly happens at a considerable distance from shore, and in too bad weather to leave a hope for safety by the boats. Where no one lives to tell the tale of woe, its horrors pass unnoticed by the world, and while so many contrivances have been introduced to save the lives and alleviate the sufferings of the shipwrecked mariner, no plan has hitherto been tried even to palliate the still greater calamity of foundering at sea.

It is a well-known fact, that a ship, when divested of masts, guns, anchors, and a considerable proportion of her heavy stores, will not sink, even if the water have free access to every part of her, but will remain what is called "water-logged," that is, with the upper part of the hull nearly level with the water. If the cargo be of a nature lighter than water, of course she would swim higher, and if it be heavier than water, and cannot be thrown overboard, she will naturally sink. Mr. Watson illustrated this fact by referring to the experiment made on his Majesty's ship *Eden*, of twenty-six guns, for the cure of the dry-rot by immersion. She was effectually scuttled; but in addition to all the metal used in her build, it required *twenty-two* tons of ballast to be placed in her hold, to make her sink below the surface of the water. At any rate the condition of a water-logged vessel is generally fatal to the crew; for if they can contrive to remain on the upper part of the ship, with such scanty allowance of wet raw provisions as they can rescue from below during the progress of the leak, their only chance is being seen by some ship, as their own is not navigable.

Several years ago Lieutenant W. Pocock proposed as an expedient to prevent foundering, to have the fresh water carried in square tanks, fitted to the hold, and made water-tight; so that as they became empty during a voyage, they might be stopped up, or even pumped out on purpose, if necessary. They would then, by the great space of air thus occupied, be capable of supporting the ship under any circumstances. We are not aware that the experiment was ever made on a large scale, nor do we think much success is likely to attend it, because, these empty tanks lying at the bottom of the vessel, the centre of gravity of the whole would be raised so high, that the danger of upsetting must be very great. Other schemes, such as cork, air-tight boxes, &c. have been applied, with more or less success, to boats; but no plan has been proposed, applicable to ships, which seemed so likely to succeed as Mr. Watson's.

Mr. Watson calculates that an eighty-gun ship, equipped for a four months' voyage, with, of course, all her guns and warlike stores on board, as well as the crew and provisions, though weighing nearly three thousand tons, required rather less than 240 tons of buoyant power to prevent her from sinking. To effect that object, he proposes to place a great number of thin copper tubes, hermetically closed, to occupy the space between the deck-beams and other timbers in a ship, where they can be put without inconvenience, from loss of room. In this manner it is calculated, that if 10,000 cubic feet of tube were disposed in the manner we have described, in an eighty-gun ship, the quantity of air thus inclosed would be sufficient to float the vessel, with the main deck above water; or, (to render the matter intelligible to the general reader,) with the upper tier of guns just out of

the water. This calculation supposes that the ship preserves masts, guns, and all her stores.

According to the present mode of building ships of war, the sides, from the keel upwards, to within a few feet of the orlop deck, presents one solid face of timber inside, but from that point upwards, the timbers are not put close, and it is in the space between the timbers in the wings of the hold, that these tubes are first to be placed. The orlop deck and gun deck are furnished with tubes between the beams, but not made to project beyond them, so as to occasion a loss of headway. The main deck is likewise similarly provided, but as it is intended that the upper works shall be sustained out of the water, of course there is no occasion to extend this provision to them. The ship thus borne will be sufficiently navigable to prosecute her voyage, and the crew will occupy the part above water with but little inconvenience. In order to prove this fact by example, Mr. Watson mentioned the case of the *Guardian* frigate, Capt. Riou, in the year 1789. She struck on an island of ice and sprung a severe leak, but in consequence of casual circumstances having rendered her specifically lighter than water, although she filled and settled down to the upper deck ports, she did not sink, but was navigated in that state by her gallant commander and crew, a distance of 1200 miles in perfect safety.

Mr. Watson came provided with a model of an eighty-gun ship, with weight in her hold equal to a four months' equipment; he produced a leak in her bottom, she filled and sunk; he then put in other decks supplied with the calculated proportion of safety-tubes, allowed her to fill again, when she settled down to a certain point, and there rested; and although by manual power he forced her under water, she rose again on being freed, to the same point as before, and discharged herself of a certain quantity of water, proving, that though stress of weather might be such as to destroy the crew, the property was recoverable, and the chances of security for the crew greatly extended.

The expense of the safety-tubes Mr. Watson proved to demonstration to be so trifling as not to be worth consideration, in comparison with the advantage to be derived from their use. For a ship of war, he calculated that it would not amount to more than five shillings per cent. on her value! For a merchant ship it would be less. Urging the necessity of adopting his plan, Mr. Watson stated, that between 1793 and 1826 we had lost ships of the Royal Navy to the amount of more than eight millions sterling, and upwards of 7000 men; one half of which at least might possibly have been saved if the ships had been secured from sinking; in the case of fire particularly, a ship might be saved by scuttling, if rendered buoyant, whereas in the event of an accident of that kind she is now almost inevitably lost.

With regard to our commercial navy, Mr. Watson proved, from Lloyd's Lists, that we lose on an average ten ships or vessels per week, or one and a half per diem, throughout the year! many, if not most, of which might also be saved if they were rendered buoyant on filling.

Mr. Watson stated his belief that his plan was about to be practically proved by the United States American Government, and that it was receiving the attentive consideration of those of Russia and the Netherlands.†

We sincerely hope that some experiment will be made on a large scale to exhibit the utility of the humane exertions of this gentleman, and dissipate the prejudice to which it is subject in common with all improvements.

† Mr. Watson's lecture was repeated on Wednesday evening at the London Institution, to an audience amounting to not less than 700 persons. Among these were several distinguished merchants and ship-owners, who expressed themselves highly gratified, and satisfied of the usefulness and feasibility of the invention.

We were gratified by seeing on the library table the first of Dr. Wollaston's Doublet microscopes ever executed. It was invented by him shortly before his death, and its astonishing powers and brilliancy far exceed any instrument we have seen.

There was likewise exhibited a mountain barometer of a more simple construction than usual, and several other objects worthy of attention. Among them we were struck with the astonishing result of the division of labour in our manufacturing system, as exhibited in some specimens of cutlery. The following prices, at which they were sold wholesale, may also surprise some of our readers:—

Table knives and forks together, per dozen, 7*d.*; scissors per dozen, 5*d.*; pen-knives, per dozen, 10*d.*; clasp-knives, with three blades, and three other tools in each, per dozen, 4*s.* 6*d.* c. Many of these articles pass through fifteen even twenty hands.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE papers read at the meeting of this Society, on Thursday last, were, 1st, an abstract of an article by Dr. Brewster, on polarised light.

2d, A paper by Mr. Charles Bell, on the structure of the skin of the Crocodile. Mr. Bell made known several new and important facts, regarding the composition of the skin of this amphibious animal, and among others, the extraordinary one, that it contains a layer of square jointed bones.

3d, A treatise by Mr. Davis Gilbert, the President, on the steam-engine and its history;—after tracing the progress of this important discovery, the learned President drew an interesting comparative sketch of its powers some years ago and at the present time.

FORMATION OF ICE AT THE BOTTOM OF STREAMS AND CURRENTS.

M. DUHAMEL has called the attention of the scientific world to this subject, the difference of opinion upon which had long been remarkable, the asserted fact being in direct contradiction of all theoretic deductions and general inferences.

M. Duhamel, after citing numerous authorities in proof of the existence of such formations, brings forward the result of his own experiments in further corroboration of the fact. He visited the Seine below the Pont de Grenelle, and there, at a distance of eight or ten feet from the water's edge, where the current appeared to be of great rapidity, he was enabled to ascertain, that the bottom of the river was covered with a layer of ice strongly adhering to the soil; by means of a pole, however, he detached some portions of this ice, which, in thickness, were about fifteen or sixteen lines, the temperature of the water at that time, both below and at the surface, being at zero. The following is M. Duhamel's reasoning upon this occurrence. In stagnant water, the temperature of the bottom is always above zero, even when the surface is frozen, which is explained by the known law of the difference of specific gravity acquired by water at different temperatures, by which law, water, at the temperature of three or four degrees above that of ice, acquires a density sufficient to precipitate it, and there keep up its own temperature, whence ice is never found in such situations. In a rapid current, on the contrary, the unequal motion of the molecules at different depths and distances from the brink, must produce combinations sufficient to give the whole an equal temperature. Now the edges and the bottom of streams are of course the most favourably situate for the formation of ice; and it would be strange if such formation did not take place as soon as the mass of water should have come down to the freezing point: and it would even appear that most of the formations carried forward by the stream, are from the bottom,—those of the sides generally remaining adherent.

FINE ARTS.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ANOTHER of these very agreeable meetings, the last but one, we believe, for the season, took place on Wednesday last, and was even more numerous attended than any of the previous ones. The newly-elected president of the Royal Academy honoured the society with his presence. The tables were crowded with treasures—the portfolios both of amateurs and artists. Among the latter, those of the elder Mr. Lewis and Mr. Stanfield attracted the most attention, and kept crowds of the curious continually collected around them, waiting to take their turn at the table where they were placed. Mr. Lewis's landscapes, principally scenes of woodland and water, were admired by all. "Delightful! what truth! what nature!" were exclamations in the mouth of everybody, as the drawings were turned over one after the other, and put in their proper light. Two or three of them were performances which would defy rivalry. The collection of the younger Mr. Lewis, whose sporting pieces, and especially the sketches of dogs, are so deservedly popular, also gave great satisfaction. In the portfolios of selections from various artists, the drawings of Bonington were sought for with eagerness, and regarded with equal interest and admiration. A painting of his, but not one of his most successful productions, was also to be seen at a side-table. A suit of apparel, belonging to Charles I. was also sent for the inspection of the company, not more as an object of curiosity, than as a specimen, likely to interest artists, of splendor of material in drapery. We observed in a frame a drawing by Catermole, a Venetian subject, which deserves to be executed in large. It would not disgrace the school, the style of which the artist has aspired to adopt. But we have neither memory nor space to enumerate the various objects of interest in the form of paintings, drawings, and engravings, which crowded the tables, and adorned the walls of the room where this meeting was held; besides, numerous as were the attractions, the number of persons present was too great to admit of each one enjoying everything, so that it is very possible, after all, that we ourselves may have missed the greatest treats. We did not overlook the delightful compositions, so full of grace, of feeling, and of mind, of the venerable Stothard.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURES.

AN exhibition of paintings by Mr. Haydon is always a treat, for his works interest and fill the mind more completely than those of any other artist of his day.

In the pictures of too many of his most popular contemporaries, we admire the combination and arrangement of colours, so fascinating to the eye; and our approbation is excited by perfect execution, and the curious nicety of the handling: but such sensations are of a trivial class—they are petty; and we turn away from the productions which excite them with a feeling of painful vacancy. These have, in fact, nothing in them that can act upon the mind, except for a moment, and then but partially: they are a mere gaudy bouquet devoid of fragrance. This is not the case with the productions of Mr. Haydon's pencil. They may have faults that are obvious, and to be seen and disapproved at the very first glance; but they show the evident workings of a powerful mind; they are rich in character; they appeal to the higher faculties rather than to the mere taste for colour, or for elegance of outline. Themselves the offspring of a mind above the ordinary stamp, they cannot fail to affect the minds of those who behold them; they awaken, and even command, respect and attention. Yet they do not allow of unqualified eulogy—their parts are fine, and extort admiration;

but taken as a whole, they make us regret that they are not more perfect.

In the "Eucles," one grand principle of a fine composition has been neglected. The chief figure is represented at a moment when it was not possible to draw it with a good effect: it is awkward and inelegant in the extreme, as a falling man, at the last gasp of life, with one foot on an upper, and the other on a lower step, would *naturally and necessarily* be. This awkwardness it is painful to witness; it diverts the mind from the grand catastrophe. In a real scene of the kind this would not be the case, because the action would be so transitory, as hardly to make an impression; but in the picture it is permanent, and accordingly an unceasing source of displeasure. The pain it causes occupies the place of the emotion which ought to be excited by the incident which it is proposed to illustrate. There are always more ways than one of composing a picture consistently with nature and truth;—more than one moment of action that may be seized; and in his choice, in this instance, we think Mr. Haydon's judgment has failed him. The female figure is fine and full of expression; but we could have desired to see more originality in the head: the identical face is to be found in several of Mr. Haydon's former works. The man supporting the falling warrior is powerfully painted, but is in too constrained an attitude. Here again taste has been sacrificed to a display of knowledge and power. A fine tone pervades the whole picture.

The Punch is perhaps, in point of colouring, the best of the comic pictures of Mr. Haydon. At any rate, it is far more harmonious than his Election. Its great failing is a want of unity in the composition. The labour and study with which the respective figures are introduced, are too apparent. Those figures, however, taken separately, are admirable. The *vitality* (we thank Mr. Cunningham for the word,) in some of the heads, excels everything of the kind to which we can refer in any modern work. That of the constable, especially, is full of powerful character: he may be a peace officer, but he is a thorough thief-taker—a term which we use in the sense in which it is generally and very unfortunately received; viz. a consummate ruffian. The figure of the Life Guardsman is noble; the fruit-seller in the corner is beautiful—too refined perhaps for her occupation, but very effectively painted.

The picture of Bonaparte standing, a solitary being, on the edge of the rock at St. Helena, is the conception of a true master in the art: it is full of grand simplicity, and real and affecting sentiment. The most insensible must be moved by it.

MEDAL TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

It is proposed, we observe, to strike a medal of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, as one of a series designed to perpetuate the great men of the age. It is to be one inch and three quarters in diameter, and to be executed in bronze and silver, by Mr. Scipio Clint, and Mr. Samuel Parker, the one medallist, the other bronzist to his Majesty, from a bas relief modelled by Mr. Bailey, R.A. We have seen a numerous list of subscribers, in which the names of all the academicians and associates of the Academy are of course included. The medal is patronized by his Majesty.

PRICES OF ENGRAVINGS.

It will be a satisfaction probably to many of our readers, who are amateurs of fine engravings, to be furnished with the following minute of the prices brought by the principal prints in the splendid collection of Mr. Serjent, which was sold last week by Mr. Southgate. The competition during the auction was considerable,

and the purchasers to the greatest extent, as we have been given to understand, were Messrs. Colnaghi, Molteni, and White.

A fine proof impression of Rembrandt's, "The Three Trees," was knocked down at 7*l.* 5*s.* "La Madonna di S. Sisto," by Müller, a proof impression, fetched 15*l.* 5*s.* A brilliant impression from a plate by Fairthorne, the portrait of "Thomas Killigrew," from the collection of Sir Mark Sykes, was bought for 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* A proof of the portrait of "John Kersey," by the same engraver, sold for 5*l.* 2*s.* A very choice proof of the portrait of "William de Brisacier, the grey-headed man," by Masson, went at the price of 8*l.* Portraits of "Generals Ireton and Lambert Houbraken," proofs, at 7*l.* 5*s.* "A Holy Family," after Raphael, by Richomme, a brilliant proof of a very rare plate, fetched 8*l.* 8*s.* A proof, before the letters, of the whole length portrait of "Charles I." from Vandyke, by Sir H. Strange, sold for 14*l.*—The prints from plates of Woollett, were numerous. The following are the principal, with the prices at which they sold: "Morning and Evening," after Swanevelt, proofs before letters, 8*l.* 8*s.* Portrait "George III., proof before letters, 5*l.* 15*s.* "Landscape," after Caracci, brilliant proof, 9*l.* The "Shooting Pieces," (four prints) brilliant proofs, 12*l.* The "Premium Landscapes," (two choice proofs) 14*l.* 5*s.* "Landscape, with Apollo and the Seasons," after Wilson, 17*l.* The "Spanish Painter," brilliant proof, 10*l.* 10*s.* The "Death of General Wolfe," fine proof, 18*l.* 18*s.* The "Fishery," brilliant proof, 21*l.* The same, India paper, 16*l.* 10*s.* Two prints of Raphael Morghen sold at moderate prices, as follows:—The "Last Supper," from Leonardo da Vinci, with the letters, in the finest state, and having the hand-writing of Raphael Morghen on it, 20*l.* "Magdalen praying," after Murillo, 16*l.* Among the plates from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, were "Young Lambton," proof before any writing, which sold for 6*l.* "Pope Pius VII.," by Cousins, first state, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Proofs before the letters, from Mr. Burnett's plates, from two pictures of Wilkie's, the "Jew's Harp," and the "Blind Fiddler," sold, the former for 10*l.* the latter for 12*l.* 17*s.* India proof impressions of the "Rent Day," and the "Village Politicians," by the same painter, engraved by Rainsbach, sold, the one for 13*l.* 10*s.* the other for 13*l.* 15*s.*

ENGRAVINGS.

Thalia. Painted by George Clint, A.R.A. Engraved by Thomas Lupton. Moon and Co. We like the engraving of this plate better than the design, which we do not think does any great credit to Mr. Clint's talents. The hair is disposed in a manner more resembling floating ribbons than dishevelled tresses, and the head is not graceful in contour or expression. There is something pretty however in the arrangement of the figure, which might be adopted by Mr. Cumberland, as an illustration of floating motion among the moderns.

The Gentle Reproach. Painted by Bonington, engraved on stone by Fairland. J. McCormick.

The Device. Same Artists and Publisher.

THE anxiety to possess the works of Bonington in any shape, does credit to the public taste; and the promptitude of publishers to indulge customers in their wishes in this respect, is equally laudable. The lithographic plates now before us, are copies of two of the most popular, if they cannot be ranked among the most perfect, of the pictures which the deceased artist has left behind him. They are on a larger scale than the engravings from the same originals, which we have before seen. We cannot say that they are of superior execution, but they are possibly of a price which renders them more easily accessible.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Engraved by T. Woolnough, from an original picture by H. Colten, in the possession of the Princess Victoria.

In this portrait, the painter and engraver have been equally successful in giving, or we should rather say, in preserving, the character of a countenance in an extraordinary degree prepossessing by its amiable and intelligent expression. We should have admired it more, but for a certain stiffness of design, too apparent to be overlooked.

Illustrations of Nos. IX. and X. of the Waverley Novels. The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality.

THE embellishments which accompany the new edition of the Waverley Novels have, generally speaking, been highly respectable as specimens of engraving. But they have failed, principally in the important department of the painter, namely, the design. We can scarcely refer to one, which, either to ourselves, or others whose opinions we have had the opportunity of collecting on the subject, has given satisfaction as an illustration of the scene it professed to embody. Mr. Wilkie's illustration to Old Mortality may however, we think, be exempted from the objection made to those which adorn the preceding volumes. The composition is altogether charming. The sitting figure of Henry Moreton, having a cloak falling from his shoulders, although it presents the back only, is disposed with great effect, and is graceful in the extreme. Nor is there any want of expression of character. Old Milnwood, is a personification of present anxiety, of habitual miserly meanness, of a narrow spirit. In Cuddie Headrigg, we have the combination of shrewdness and craft with affected stupidity, so happily described in the original. In Serjeant Bothwell, judging from the engraving, more labour seems to have been bestowed on the costume, than on the definition of character. Mause Headrigg, is in the background, in shade—but her figure is not without expression. The scene represented, is the visit of Bothwell and his troopers to Milnwood, in search of Burley. The plate is executed by Graves, in a very excellent style. The vignette is a splendid morceau, without a great deal of meaning. It is engraved by Fox, after a design by Burnett.

In No. X. the Battle Scene, by Mr. Cooper, is a very spirited and animated picture; it is a specimen of very masterly composition, executed with great effect and in a very artist-like style; but the plate is too small to allow of much display of individual character. The figure of Old Mortality by Mr. Wilkie in the vignette, is delightful. It is very delicately engraved by Mr. Engleheart. The No. X., is more rich in notes than many of the preceding volumes.

The History and Topography of the County of Devon. By the Rev. Thomas Moore. With *Outlines of the Physical Geography, &c. and Natural History of the County.* By E. W. Brayley, jun., A.L.S. With highly-finished Engravings, from original Drawings, both executed by and under the direction of Wm. Deeble. Nos. I., II., and III. Jennings.

Scenery of the Rivers Yare and Waveney, Norfolk; from Pictures painted by James Stark. With *Historical and Geological Descriptions,* by J. W. Robberds, jun., Esq. Nos. I. and II. Moon & Co.

THE principal features of these publications bring them under the class of works of embellishment; yet we are not sure that it is fair to treat them in that light, or at least, in so regarding them, to measure them by the standard of criticism, which works, of the same class in point of character, but of higher pretensions, in respect to merit, have established. And yet,

while such productions as Turner's England are borne in mind, how is it possible that anything like mediocrity can be tolerated?

As works of general interest, then, we cannot say much in praise of either of the collections now before us; and we fear, that were we to pronounce them respectable, as provincial performances, the compliment might be thrown back in our teeth. Such commendation is all we can accord them; and, in our humble opinion, they must depend for favour on the interest which individuals, in the respective counties, will attach to the particular localities represented in the prints. One exception, however, we will make, by admitting, that we should have found occasion for a much more favourable notice of the Norfolk work, had all its plates been executed in the style of "The Mouth of the Yare," which is not only comparatively, but really, a beautiful engraving. It has an exceedingly fine tone.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE first of the Society's Concerts for the Season took place on Monday, March 1st, in the new room at the King's Theatre (in consequence of the late destruction of the Argyll Rooms by fire), when the following bill of fare was presented:—

ACT I.	
Sinfonia in c Minor	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Dove vai?" Signor DONZELLI and Signor SANTINI	Rossini.
Concerto, Piano-forte, Madame DEUCKEN	Herz.
Scena, Miss PATON, "Sì lo sento!"	Syphr.
Overture (M.S.) to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	F. M. Bartholdy.
ACT II.	
Sinfonia in d	Mozart.
Aria, Signor DONZELLI, "Languir per una bella"	Rossini.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. MORI, WATTS, MORALT, and LINDLEY	Haydn.
Terzetto, Miss PATON, Signor DONZELLI, and Signor SANTINI, "Se al volto"	Mozart.
Julilee Overture	Weber.

That the Philharmonic orchestra is composed, generally speaking, of the first professors in Europe, cannot be denied; but, on that very account, it is most strange that its *ensemble* effect is not more perfect, or rather is so defective, in some instances. When Weber first heard it, and was asked what he thought of it, he replied, "The Quartett (by which he meant the stringed instruments,) is very good, very superb; but the wind instruments—ah!" (with a significant shake of the head). Now, here again, we are at a loss—for where can we find superiors, or even equals, on their respective instruments, to Nicholson, Willman, Cooke, Mackintosh, Harper, Platt, &c.? Nowhere. And yet, though composed of such elements, the *whole* is faulty and bad: they are seldom or never in *tune* or *together*! The truth is, the said gentlemen are careless collectively, and each thinks that his fame is at stake *only* when he performs a Solo! This they would do well to "reform altogether."

Another fault of this great orchestra, and which we have frequently seen noticed by "older and abler critics," is its want of *couleur*—its monotonous noise throughout; or if, perchance, a *crescendo* or *diminuendo* be attempted, the unjust gradation by which it is attained. This may not be inaptly described thus: let 1 be the point at which a *cres.* or *dim.* commences, and 10 be the maximum required of increased or diminished power. The Philharmonicists, and indeed every English orchestra, disdaining the gradual progression of the digits, take a hop, step, and a leap through them, say, 3—7—10; and there they are at the summit of their wishes, without that unnecessary and laborious thing, restraint! The effect is anything but good. One word more,

and we have done with general objections. Colletti, it is said, made it a *sine qua non*, that the performers of his band should all bow in precisely the same manner;—and it was owing to this circumstance that his orchestra produced more effect than any other of the day. By a directly contrary usage, many a fine passage is ruined at the Philharmonic Concerts. It stands to reason, that a series of sounds, marked to be played in a peculiar manner, must experience injury from being treated differently upon twenty or thirty violins. The strain does not flow steadily; it seems broken, and as if something foreign to the subject were maliciously played by a few wags of the orchestra in an undertone.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's celebrated c minor Sinfonia, which was exceedingly well executed, with the exception of what should have been the slow movement;—on this occasion it was not a slow movement; it was hurried throughout. If it be true, as some say, that a woman loses all her grace when she attempts to run, it is equally so that this sweet movement lost almost all its beauty and character by being forced out of its natural gait—in the exquisite wind-instrument passages particularly.

The duet which followed (from Rossini's last opera, "Guillaume Tell,") is a clever composition, and was ably sung by the Signors Donzelli and Santini. It is well instrumented, and shows that, in this department of his score, "a change has come o'er the spirit" of the Maestro.

A Madame Dulcken made her *début* as a pianiste; and, in the absence of grace, expression, and one or two other old-fashioned ingredients of what used to be called good music, played a Concerto, by Herz, with a praise-worthy emulation of steam-engine exactness and facility. To do the lady justice, her finger is very brilliant and true; but when we are to have music again, in place of gymnastics and *leger-de-main*? Why does not Cramer more frequently appear, and give a tone to taste?

The beautiful Scena, "Si lo sento," from Faust, was sung with the usual ability of that accomplished vocalist, Miss Paton. The effect, at the close, however, was slightly marred by the circumstance of an imperfect copy having been placed in her hands; but, with the promptitude of genius, she turned, without ceasing to sing, to take the conductor's copy from the desk of the Piano-forte, and then concluded amid general applause.

The overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" we have long heard of as a "fairy performance indeed!" Now, for the life of us, we cannot find out the justice of such an opinion, unless the *tinkling* of fiddle strings in an unusually strange and uncouth manner, through a dozen dull iterations of the same idea, constitute a musical outline of Fairyism! The imitations of a donkey's braying (in allusion, we suppose to Bottom's transformation,) and the peurile *concerts* in which this overture abounds, are unworthy of true genius. We agree with Burney, that imitations are to be admitted only "when they involve no absurdity." One particular merit, however, we observed in this composition; it really had the power of making the band play *piano* in two or three passages. This must have been produced by no common influence.

The second act opened with Mozart's Sinfonia in D major. This is a fine composition,—remarkable for its unity of design and clearness of expression. Perhaps the *tonic* harmony is a little too frequently used throughout; but altogether it is the work of a master. It was spiritedly executed.

Donzelli gave Rossini's sweet aria "Languir per una bella" with great truth and feeling; but we must protest against the licentious use of

his *falsetto*, fine as it is; he is too fond of introducing it, as also of shouting the higher notes of his natural voice, particularly the upper G, which, indeed, he seems to produce with difficulty otherwise.

A quartetto by Haydn in D minor was quite a treat, as performed with extreme delicacy and precision by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt and Lindley. It is an exquisite *moreau* of taste and counterpoint united, in the celebrated composer's happiest and most peculiar manner. It was much and deservedly applauded, and proves that the taste for genuine music is still alive amongst us.

The Terzetto from *La Clemenza di Tito* was ill chosen for a concert room; it requires the aid of dramatic performance to produce its true effect. It was nevertheless well sung by Miss Paton, and Signors Donzelli and Santini. By the way, we expected to have heard the latter gentleman in something from which we might have formed a more decided opinion of his manner, than it is possible to do in concerted music; but of course we shall meet with him soon again.

Weber's "Jubilee Overture" concluded the evening's selection. From its stir and noise, it is admirably well adapted to *play out* all those *ennuyés* and impatient persons, who think the shortest Concert too long, and who make it an invariable rule never to wait for the last item of the bill, be it the best *moreau* of the night or not. The introduction of "God save the King," at the conclusion, has a novel and curious effect;—the restlessness of the violins in particular, always strikes us with peculiar sensations, bordering upon uneasiness; and indeed we recollect once to have heard a witty and celebrated Professor observe, that he never listened to the latter part of this overture, without having the absurd though fanciful idea of being *crawled upon by elephants*!

The Concert was over about eleven o'clock, and seemed to have given universal satisfaction, if we may judge from the criticisms and opinions we overheard on our way out of the room. The next concert will take place on the 15th. We look anxiously for the arrival of Hummel, as also for the reported appearance of that *diavolo* Paganini.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

THE third Concert of the *Società Armonica* took place in the grand hall at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday evening.

The performance commenced with the Overture to *Lodoiska*, (Cherubini,) which was played in a very masterly style by a numerous and efficient orchestra. The vocal parts were sustained by Madlle. Blasis, Miss Childs, Signor Curioni, and Mr. E. Taylor. Madlle. Blasis was in excellent voice, and sung Rossini's beautiful aria from the "Cenerentola," "Nacqui all'affanno," in a very superior style. It was followed by a Fantasia on the Horn by Mr. Platt, who we have heard play better. Mr. Taylor can hardly be complimented, on the execution of a bass song of his own composition; it wanted the life and energy so necessary to give any effect to songs of that nature. The first part closed with Weber's Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits."

The second part commenced with Mozart's beautiful symphony in D major, the performance of which justly merited the very general applause it excited. Curioni sung the aria from Mayerbeer's Opera of "Marguerite d'Anjou" very respectably; Miss Childs was less successful in Rossini's air of "Bel raggio;" she was perhaps labouring under the effect of cold,—her lower notes were particularly weak and imperfect. Mr. Chatterton executed a Military Concerto on the Harp, by Bochs, in as brilliant a manner as it has been for some time our lot to hear.

A trio closed the vocal part of the entertainment ("Quel sembiante," from "L'Inganno Felice"), sung by Madlle. Blasis, Signor Curioni, and Mr. E. Taylor; it was well executed, with the exception that Mr. Taylor proved that his forte is not as a buffo-singer. The performance closed with Spohr's Overture, in C Minor.

The pieces were chosen with good taste and judgment.

ORATORIO AT COVENT-GARDEN.

OF the Oratorio on Wednesday evening, we are sorry not to be able to give a better report. Though set forth in the bills as a *grand Oratorio* and *Popular Selection*, we found it anything but grand, and we fear the *manager* found it any thing but popular—for seldom have we witnessed a thinner audience than on this evening. During the first part of the performance, many of the boxes were without a single tenant, and the pit was not one-fourth part occupied; indeed, the sight of the house before the addition of the half-price visitors was chilling in the extreme. Of the *selection*, the Scena by Bishop, "The Battle of the Angels," was given by Mr. Millar with great clearness and effect, and called forth all the applause so thin a house could bestow. The eternally-repeated song, "Angels ever bright and fair," was very sweetly sung by Miss Bellchambers, whose timidity, however, had rather too much the appearance of that underplay of assumed embarrassment, in fashion with school-girls, and which, however pardonable in them, is not to be tolerated in a public singer, though "the voice of the charmer charm never so wisely." To say that Miss Paton sang delightfully, will only be saying that of which no one would entertain a doubt. On the choice of the pieces allotted to her, she had no particular cause to congratulate herself; many other compositions being more suitable to the display of her superior talents, than those selected for her execution this evening; nor did the circumstance of the soprano of the newly-arranged Martin Luther's Hymn, falling to the lot of Miss Paton, deprive us of a feeling of regret for the loss of Braham, and his accustomed thrice-repeated performance of this soul-stirring composition. Of the other vocalists, we may comprise the sum of our testimony in a few words:—their execution justified their reputation, and this is no mean allotment of praise. We were glad to find the audience call for the repetition of the Overture to Der Freischütz, as, from the slovenly manner of its first performance, we thought the double duty a merited punishment.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A *Selection of the most admired Airs in Rossini's favourite Opera, "La Donna del Lago."* Arranged for the Piano-forte, by N. B. Chalonier: in two Books. Mayhew & Co.

ADAPTATIONS of Rossini's Operas are so numerous, that it might appear quite unnecessary to offer a fresh one; but this arrangement, like those before reviewed in The Athenæum, (viz. Mozart's "Seraglio," Rossini's "Il Barbiere," "Semiramide," &c.) is more teachable, playable, clear, and cheap, than any before published; and certainly, if an adaptation of these interesting and popular works can be rendered so familiar as to be useful for incipient performers, (always without deteriorating the composition,) a very desirable object is attained. The first Book contains, No. 1, the Introduction and Chorus of Hunters (which is also the Overture); No. 2, the gem of the piece, "Oh mat-tutini albori," better known under its second denomination of "Aurora, che sorgerai"; No. 3, "Dinibica Donzella," the Villagers' Chorus; No. 4, the beautiful Duet, sung by Sontag and Curioni, "Le mie barbare vicende," and "Ma son sorpreso"; and, No. 5, the especial favourite

of all the female Italian vocalists,† "Elena! oh tu," followed by No. 6, "Oh! quante lacrime," as a Finale. The second Book contains, No. 7, the March and Chorus, "Vieni, combattì, e vinci"; No. 8, "Madov' è colei"; No. 9, "Se amici"; No. 10, the Trio, "Quanto a quest' alma"; No. 11, "La mia spada"; No. 12, the Quintetto, "Crudele sospetto"; No. 13, the fine original March and Chorus, "Imponga il Re"; and, No. 14, the Finale, "Fra il padre." A vast variety (comprising nearly the whole Opera) condensed in an able and singularly useful manner, into two brief books, at a very reasonable price.

"I sing the Lay of that happy Day": A Ballad. Sung by Mr. Wood, and composed expressly for him by H. Phillips. Cramer, Addison & Beale.

THERE is a popular common song, which, by being hacknied about the streets, vocally and instrumentally, has become quite vulgar—the burthen of which is something about a "sad heigho"; and the commencement of Mr. Phillips's song is as nearly as possible the same passage. We regret that it is not possible, in justice, to compliment him, either upon the novelty, elegance, or grace, of his ballad.

No. 3, "Les Arbres les plus Choisis du Jardin." Six easy Lessons for the Piano-forte, composed by George F. Harris. Hodson.

MR. HARRIS'S No. 3, is an easy bagatelle of two pages, an allegretto in c 6-8 time, intitled, "Le Cerisier." Like his two former numbers, it presents a pretty and useful trifle for teachers.

Gallopading! Written and composed by G. M. Rycot, and embellished with humorous designs by N. Whittick. Mayhew & Co.

WE can scarcely notice this whimsicality as a musical work, as the "humorous designs" certainly form the most attractive part of the publication, and present about 120 figures in the various attitudes of dancing, portrayed in an unusually ludicrous and ingenious manner. The *tout ensemble* of words, music, and lithography, is exceedingly comic and clever.

"Doom'd to pass my days, Love." Ballad, dedicated to F. W. Meymott, Esq.; composed by Edward Tucker. Welsh.

IT is a pity Mr. Tucker had not submitted his song to some musician (he clearly is not one himself,) before publication. It would be worse than useless to point out the particular errors, the quantity of which surprises us, now that music is so much better understood than formerly.

Three Rondos for the Spanish Guitar. Composed and dedicated to his friend J. A. Nüske, by C. Eulenstein. Op. 10. Ewer.

THREE familiar and pleasing little pieces, well adapted for teachers and their pupils.

† When "La Donna del Lago" was first produced at the Opera, a few years since, the principal female vocalists were Camporese, Ronzi de Begnis, and Vestris. And in casting the characters, Camporese (as Prima Donna), was intended to appear as *Elena*; Vestris was to take the part of *Malcolm* (which she did), and to that character the above song belongs. As, however, it was an aria which Camporese was desirous of singing, she refused to take the part assigned her, unless Vestris gave up the air to her, which Madame Vestris very properly declined doing. Thus the part of *Elena* was, of necessity, given to Ronzi de Begnis, who looked it, played it, and sang in it, so charmingly, as to attract the admiration of crowded houses nearly the whole of that, and several other seasons. Her personal appearance and delightful manner were considered to be so highly superior to Camporese, that it was said at the time, that had the latter lady accepted the part, she should have been denominated the "Woman of the Water," rather than "Lady of the Lake." This song has ever since been constantly introduced by Pasta, Sontag, and Pizarro, whenever any opportunity has occurred.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

ONE of the most successful characters undertaken by Madlle. Blasis, is that of *Ninetta* in "La Gazza Ladra." On Tuesday night, after some postponement, this opera was produced, with Santini as *Fernando*, and Ambrogi as the *Podestà*, a part he sustained at the original performance of the opera in 1817. Madlle. Blasis appears to have familiarized herself with every bar of the music here allotted to her, and to have acquired a facility in expressing it, which she wants in almost every other character. Even her solo parts are executed with power and brilliancy. The allegro of "Di piacer" claimed an undisputed encore, and the repetition was an improvement upon the original. Sometimes her acting is redundant,—as in the scene where she is separated from her father; but the example of others has provoked imitation even in the errors and deformities of their works, and our own torpid singers have been recently warned into life, and show the usual symptoms of a fresh animation, in convulsive and rather frantic gesticulations on another stage. Signor Santini began by disappointing us. The recollection of Zuchelli and Filippo Galli is not in his favour, and his Entrata was ineffective, even if the comparison be with his own previous efforts. The interview with his daughter calls for very varied powers, and the duet requires a thorough control of voice and delicacy of execution. This he did not display. He sang strangely out of tune, being unable, possibly, to give an ascendancy of voice to Madlle. Blasis, and yet preserve the true articulation of his own. Afterwards, when he felt at liberty to emerge from the *piano* style, he recovered his usual richness and force of intonation, and gave the rest of his part with good effect. Still, we suspect that his natural bias is to the opera buffa. His eyes twinkle with an expression of little gravity, and he seems to be uneasy but when he can burst forth in all the noisy light-hearted garrulosity of *Figaro* and *Dandini*. Signor Ambrogi looks very priestly, very scholastic, and very thick-headed as the magistrate, but a quiet humour steals out at times, and fits the character he draws so well, that we scarcely hesitate to call it the most complete representation we have seen. He has musical powers equal to those of his predecessors in the part; and he acts it in an original way, with great unity and consistency throughout, neither diversifying it with sallies of absurdity that do not belong to it, nor clipping from it anything necessary to make it stand really and fully before us. *Pippo*, destined always to be a stumbling-block, was as "povero" as ever on this occasion. A Miss J. Dix, whose début was made at an oratorio of Mr. Hawes' (what a preparatory school for the part of *Pippo*!) undertook the character in default of others, and though she has been well taught, and displays some vivacity that may render her a clever actress hereafter, yet her voice is of a poor quality, and so feeble as to reach not half way through the "vast concave" of the Opera House. Curioni has often appeared to greater advantage as the tenor of the play, and the other characters preserve their prescriptive and inveterate insignificance.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Tuesday evening, Lacy's adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*, with music selected from different operas by Rossini, was performed for the first time this season. The characters were sustained by the same performers as on its last representation, with the exception of Mr. Morley, who has succeeded Mr. H. Phillips as the Saxon *Cedric*. The performance was of a very middling description;

everything seemed to go flatly, and out of order. Miss Paton did not sing with her usual brilliancy, and her *scena* was anything but effective. The bass solo which succeeds the opening chorus of the third act, so admirably sung by Phillips, was with Mr. Morley a decided failure: it seemed to us that he was quite lost; towards the conclusion his voice was inaudible. Mr. Wood's song, from *Pietro l'Eremita* was respectably executed, and encored; but the only portion of the evening's entertainment which deserved praise, was a duet and chorus in the third act, altered from a trio and chorus in *Semiramide*, which is a beautiful piece of music, and was exceedingly well sung.

The concluding scene, with the able assistance of Mr. Grieve, was very effective; but the piece was generally dull throughout, and the house was but indifferently filled.

Mr. Wood, at the fall of the curtain, came forward to announce the succeeding entertainment; but, whether from an indifferent memory, or from not being perfectly acquainted with the subject, his ineffectual attempts at communication were received by a good-natured audience with shouts of laughter.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.

THE French company, whose prosperous career was so suddenly and disastrously checked by the destruction of the English Opera House, have resumed their operations at this theatre, which has been tastefully fitted up for the occasion.

The performances commenced with the very clever comedy of "Les Trois Quartiers," (so excellently adapted to our stage by Mr. Theodore Hook, under the title of "Ups and Downs, or the Ladder of Life,") which was well acted by Laporte, Pelissic, Madlle. St. Ange, and others of the company. But the great attraction of the evening was "Le Centenaire," in which Potier's admirable personification of a veteran soldier excited the most lively satisfaction.

The performance concluded with the pleasant little farce of "Le Solliciteur," adapted some years since to our stage under the title of "Place Hunting." These representations of French plays, tell but a sorry tale for our dramatists of the present day; scarcely a piece is performed which we do not immediately recognize as having furnished the groundwork of our most popular plays and farces. Alas! for the days of Congreve, Farquhar, Wycherly, and Sheridan!—are we never more to see an original comedy?

The audience was fashionable, but, we regret to say, by no means numerous. This, we feel assured, was alone attributable to the rival attraction of the Philharmonic Concert, given on the same evening at the King's Theatre, where the performance has been transferred in consequence of the destruction of the Argyll Rooms.

LECTURES DRAMATIQUES FRANÇAISES.

M. C. J. Dupont gave the first of a series of French Readings on Wednesday last, at Willis's Rooms. We had the gratification of hearing him read several scenes from the "Cid" of Corneille, and came away with an impression of the great advantage to be derived from this sort of public teaching, by students of the French language, and especially by those who are desirous of attaining as perfect a pronunciation as it is possible to acquire, without a residence in the country itself. As a declaimer, however, those who have heard the principal tragedians of the French stage, will think, perhaps, that M. Dupont did not very greatly shine. Nevertheless, his enunciation was very distinct. We missed the "Discours d'ouverture." A double mistake as to the time of its commencement, caused us to be first too early and then too late.

Francis Moore, Physician, out-done.—Let no one henceforth smile at the absurdity of this father of almanac-makers, or if disposed to indulge their risible propensities at his luminous predictions of "times, and seasons, and their change," let them wait awhile and first learn how knowing on these points our opposite neighbours, the good folks of Paris, are likely to become. How captivating (in the list of new works in that capital) the title "Memoranda relative to a Correspondence on the subject of Meteorology: the object of which is, to establish the means of predicting the weather on a given spot of the globe at a period considerably in advance;" by M. Morin. We recollect the patent washing machines were somewhat ludicrously announced to the citizens of London as, "every man his own washerwoman;" surely this essay might stand entitled, "every man his own weather-wiser."

The Beef-steaks.—We rejoice to hear that the Beef-steaks Club, although the loss sustained by the late fire has been in some respects irreparable, are not so utterly bereft as they at first supposed themselves. Some of the articles of their paraphernalia, &c. and those not the least important ones, happened very fortunately to be insured against fire, not by the Phoenix or the Globe, but by the nature of their own material:—first and foremost, for instance, is the immortal and indispensable gridiron; as to the precise degree of temperature, whether of white or red heat, endured by this precious article, that point must be left to the conjectures of M. Chabert; but it is certain that it did not arrive at fusion, and that the instrument has been recovered from the ruins. The sword of the President, and the head of the sergeant's mace have also been found, but they will require the art of skilful workmen to restore them to their pristine splendour; to these are to be added the bust of Wilkes, which is the only object except the gridiron which has escaped uninjured—it is absolutely unscorched. That part of the records which contains the names of the members has also been found.

Life Preservers.—From time to time various ingenious contrivances have been presented to the public, ostensibly for the purpose of preserving the lives of persons exposed to the danger of drowning:—but hitherto nothing has been invented, that would not in ordinary cases be an incumbrance to any one, not immediately exposed to danger; and few would be likely to have the fear of death so constantly present to their minds, as to subject themselves to a continual personal inconvenience;—but to wait the happening of circumstances, which might render such aids desirable, would be to run the same risk as though no provision were made. We see a new scheme has lately been published, which partakes of the inconveniences of all the others. A waistcoat made of calico, double, and bound all round at the seams or edges to make it air-tight, is to be worn about the person; it must be furnished with a small tube and plug: but before it will retain air, which is to be supplied by blowing through the tube, it must be thoroughly wet. The loss of life by drowning, most frequently happens unexpectedly; and the mind of the individual thus exposed to danger, is generally, as the French say, *hors de lui*: it is not likely, therefore, supposing the essential part of the operation is effected by sudden immersion, that the wearer, would have presence of mind enough to blow the saving blast.

Fire-proof Dresses.—The Chevalier Aldini, the ingenious inventor of the fire-proof dress, has been somewhat disappointed, we understand, in his expectations of encouragement in this country. He speaks with gratification of the reception he has met with from scientific and practical persons interested in his invention, and of the politeness and attention shown to him in all quarters: but it would seem, that the danger

to which life is subjected by fire, is not considered sufficiently great to require the use of a fire-proof dress. As a matter of pecuniary speculation, perhaps this may be the case; but so many afflicting cases of loss of life by fire have occurred within the last few years in the metropolis, that we cannot but think the dress ought to be adopted, to enable firemen to penetrate into places in which fire rages, and in which persons are even presumed to be exposed to the flames. A small band of men exercised to the use of this armour, attached to the Police, and so stationed as always to be within call on an emergency, would be an arrangement not unworthy of the care of the magistrature.

Structure of Leaves.—Persons of but the slightest observation must have noticed the difference in appearance and structure, of the leaves of such plants, or portions of plants, as are constantly immersed in the water, and those of the same plants, when growing on or above the surface, and in the open air. M. A. Brongniart, in an essay on this deviation, and its connexion with the respiration of vegetables in air and water, has endeavoured to establish, that the leaves, according to their office of respiring free air, or such air as is held in solution by the water, undergo modifications analogous to those which take place in the respiratory organs of animals under the same circumstances; and according to which, these organs become what have been alternately designated by the name of lungs or gills.

Niebuhr, the Roman Historian.—We are grieved to learn this distinguished writer has lost by fire the whole of his property, his valuable library, and the MS. of the third volume of his Roman History, which he had just finished. The calamity has so overwhelmed him, that he has fallen into a state of apathy.

—Mr. Charles Kemble has been elected a Member of the Society of Antiquaries.

—A new one act piece (not from the French) is forthcoming, written expressly for Madame Vestris.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hastie on Fever, 8vo. boards, 5s. 6d.—History of Scotland, by Sir W. Scott, 12mo. red cloth, 6s.—Life of Columbus, 12mo. cloth, 5s.—Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, by Captain Kincaid, 12mo. boards, 10s. 6d.—Captain Moorsom's Letters from Nova Scotia, 12mo. boards, 12s.—Orison on the Horse, 12mo. red cloth, plates, 8s.—Cloudsley, 3 vols. 12mo. bound, 11. 11s. 6d.—Malte Brun's Geography, 7 vols. complete, 8vo. bds. 5l. 7s. 6d.—Veracity of the Five Books of Moses, 12mo. boards, 5s. 6d.—Reproof of Brutus, 12mo. boards, 8s. 6d.—Addison's Works, 4 vols. 12mo. boards, 1l.—Affairs of the Nation, 12mo. boards, 7s.—Marley on Children, 8vo. boards, 9s.—Waverley Novels, Vol. 10, cloth, 5s.

Amongst the literary productions of the new year in the French capital, is announced a translation of Moore's "Loves of the Angels" into French verse, by M. A. M. Thombert, 12mo. It is not, however, spoken of with much commendation.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of Week.	Thermom. A.M. P.M.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 25	48 49	29.97	W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 26	48 51	29.94	W. to S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Sat. 27	52 49	29.85	W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 28	46 49	29.87	Ditto.	Ditto.
Mon. 1	48 49	30.18	Ditto.	Ditto.
Tues. 2	49 48	30.25	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 3	48 49	30.26	Var.	Ditto.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 8 P.M.
Clouds.—Cirrostratus on Thursday, Friday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Cymoind and Cirrostratus on Saturday. Cirrus and Cirrostratus on Sunday and Monday.

Nights and Mornings fair towards the end of the week. Frost on Wednesday night. A gale on Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Mean temperature, 48½°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.05. Highest temp. at noon, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury nearest the Sun on Saturday; stationary on Tuesday.

Sun and Saturn in opposition on Wedn. at midnight. Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 14° 49' in Leo. Venus's ditto ditto 22° 25' in Pisces. Sun's ditto ditto 24° 14' in Aquarius. Length of day on Wed. 10h. 50m; increased 3h. 28m. Sun's hourly motion 2' 32".

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The press of miscellaneous matter occasions the postponement of several notices of interesting productions; among others, the copy in Mosaic of the Portrait of His Majesty, now exhibiting in Bond-street. We regret this the more, as the work is one of a description quite novel in this country.

Our Monthly Part for February is now ready.

Erratum.—Page 120 of the last Number, in the second line of the third column, the word *written* should have been "erased".

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Last Monday was published, price 2s. 6d.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. No. II.

—Song—The Athenian Club-House—On Human Perfection—The Bird Messenger; a Ballad from the Linnæan—On the Musical Menuin—Poetry of the Magyars—Shamus—The Three Giuseppe—Specimens of Irish Minstrelsy, No. I.; Kerns, by T. Crofton Croker—Don Miguel—Donovan, the Intoxicator—Am I to blame? By T. H. Bayly—A Night Thought—The Last of the Supernaturalists—Laurie Todd—Suicide of a Financier—List of New Publications, Bankrupts, Dividends, Meteorological Table, Exchanges, Prices of British and Foreign Securities, &c. &c.

Published by James Fraser, 215, Regent-street, London; and John Boyd, Edinburgh.

THE SPECTATOR WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER.

The Spectator avows the ambitious aim of being at once the most informing, the most amusing, and the fairest of all Newspapers.

Its large, though not unwieldy size, enables the editor, by careful selection and laborious compression, to record every useful fact and interesting occurrence, whether at home or in foreign countries; and at the same time to give an uncommonly large space to original compositions by some of the ablest pen.

Politics are treated chiefly as matter of history, and with an impartial exhibition of all the leading facts and arguments on every side from every source. The Spectator is not a sectarian or a partisan, in any sense, but a citizen of the world.

Fair Criticisms on all the New Books of note are given, and the best passages are selected, for the entertainment of those whose time may be too much occupied to read the original works. The Drama is reviewed in a spirit of benevolent though free criticism; and Music is treated at once scientifically and popularly as an elegant art.

Being a Newspaper, and not a mere literary Periodical, the Spectator exhibits life and society as they exist; but being also a Journal for Families, it systematically excludes from its pages every paragraph, sentiment, and expression unfit for universal perusal in respectable circles.

There are two editions—one for the country, published on Saturday, in time to be sent by the post that evening; another for town, published very early on Sunday morning, and bringing down all public news to the latest hour. Those who prefer the latter edition (which is easily distinguished) should give particular orders to that effect to their Newsmen.

CONTEMPORARY TESTIMONIES IN FAVOUR OF THE SPECTATOR.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1829.)

"North. There, James, lies the Spectator, a new weekly paper of some half-year's standing, or so, of the highest merit, and I wish I had some way of strenuously recommending it to the reading public. The Editor, indeed, is Whiggish and a Pro-Catholic, but moderate, steady, and consistent in his politics. Let us have no turn-coats. His prices of passing politics is always admirable; his mercantile information—that I know on the authority of as good a judge as lives—is correct and comprehensive; miscellaneous news are collected judiciously and amusingly from all quarters; the literary department is equal, on the whole, to that of any other weekly periodical. I wonder, see better criticism on poetry, and nowhere nearly so good criticism on theatrics. Some critiques there have been, in that department, superior in exquisite truth of fact to any thing I remember—worthy of Elia himself, though not apparently from Elia; and in accounts of foreign literature, especially French, and above all, of French politics, a subject on which I need to be enlightened, I have seen no periodical at all equal to the Spectator.

"Shepherd. The numbers you sent out deserved a'that you said o'them. Is a mast-entertainment and instructive—a mast miscellaneous miscellany.

"North. And without being wishy-washy—

"Shepherd. Or wersh—

"North. The Spectator is impartial. It is a fair, open, honest, and manly periodical."

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